Parsons's Select

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CLASSICAL ESSAYS,

VOL. XX.

The ADVENTURER,

VOL. 3.

LONDON.

Printed for J. Parsons, N.° 21 Paternoster Row.

1794.

THE

ADVENTURER.

VOL. III.

——Tentanda via eſt; quâ me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.
Virg.

On vent'rous wing in queſt of praiſe I go;
And leave the gazing multitude below.

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1794.

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CONTENTS.

OF THE

THIRD VOLUME.

NUMB.		PAGE
71	Letters from ſix characters	1
72	The folly of human wiſhes and ſchemes to correct the moral government of the world. The hiſtory of Nourraddin and Amana	6
73	The hiſtory of Nourraddin and Amana concluded	12
74	Apology for neglecting officious advice	18
75	Obſervations on the Odyſſey of Homer	23
76	The mercy of affliction; an Eaſtern ſtory	28
77	The miſchiefs of ſuperſtition and infidelity. The hiſtory of Fidelia	33
78	The hiſtory of Fidelia continued	40
79	The hiſtory of Fidelia concluded	49
80	Obſervations on the Odyſſey continued	56
81	Incitement to enterprize and emulation. Some account of the Admirable Crichton	61
82	Perſonal beauty produced by moral ſentiment	66
83	Obſervations on the Odyſſey concluded	71
84	Folly of falſe pretences to importance. A journey in a ſtage coach	75
85	Study, compoſition, and converſe, equally neceſſary to intellectual accompliſhment	80
86	The life of Agamus, an old debauchee	85
87	Politeneſs a neceſſary auxiliary to knowledge and virtue	91
88	Obſervations on dreaming and madneſs. Remarkable lunacy of Mr. Simon Browne.	95
89	A fragment	

CONTENTS.

Numb.		Page
89	A fragment of Simonides, and an imitation of it	100
90	Literary offerings in the temple of Fame: A viſion	105
91	No univerſal rule of moral conduct, as it reſpects ſociety. Story of Yamodin and Tamira	111
92	Criticiſm on the Paſtorals of Virgil	116
93	Obſervations on the Tempeſt of Shakeſpeare	123
94	Idleneſs, however fortunate, incapable of felicity. Story of Ned Froth	129
95	Apology for apparant plagiariſm. Sources of literary variety	133
96	The neceſſity of reducing imagination under the dominion of reaſon exemplified	138
97	Obſervations on the Tempeſt concluded	142
98	Account of Tim. Wildgooſe by himſelf. Project to prevent the diſappointment of modern ambition	147
99	Projectors injudiciouſly cenſured and applauded	152
100	Gradation from a Greenhorn to a Blood: the life of Nomentanus	157
101	Blemiſhes in the Paradiſe Loſt	163
102	Infelicities of retirement to men of buſineſs	168
103	Natural and adventitious excellence, leſs deſirable than virtue. Almerine and Shelimah: A fairy tale	173
104	The fairy tale concluded	178
105	On the fragments of Menander	184

THE

ADVENTURER.

No. LXXI. TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1753.

—Hominem pagina noſtra ſapit. MART.

We ſtrive to paint the manners and the mind.

LETTERS written from the heart and on real occaſions, though not always decorated with the flowers of eloquence, muſt be far more uſeful and intereſting than the ſtudied paragraphs of Pliny, or the pompous declamations of Baliſac; as they contain juſt pictures of life and manners, and are the genuine emanations of nature. Of this kind I ſhall ſelect a few from the heap I have received from my correſpondents, each of which exhibits a different character, not exaggerated and heightened by circumſtances that paſs the bounds of reality.

To the Adventurer.

SIR, Sombre-Hall, June 18.

I AM arrived with Sir Nicholas at this melancholy moated manſion. Would I could be annihilated during the inſupportable tedioufneſs of ſummer! We are to ſup this evening, after having fiſhed the whole afternoon, by day-light, think of that, in the new arbour. My uncle, poor man, imagines he has a finer and richer proſpect from thence, than the illuminated viſtas at Vauxhall afford, only becauſe he ſees a parcel of woods and meadows, and blue hills, and corn-fields. We have been viſited by our only neighbour, Mrs. Thrifty, who entertained us with a dull hiſtory of the children ſhe has educated at a little ſchool of her own founding, and who values herſelf for not having been in town theſe ten years, and for not knowing what a drum means. My ſiſter and I have laid a ſcheme to plague her, for we have ſent her a card, entreating her to make one at brag next Sunday. For heaven's ſake ſend us your paper weekly, but do not give us ſo many grave ones; for we want to be diverted after ſtudying Hoyle, which we do for three hours every afternoon with great attention, that the time may not paſs away totally uſeleſs, and that we may be a match for lady Shuffle next winter. Let us know what is done at the next Jubilee Maſquerade. How ſhall I have patience to ſupport my abſence from it! and if madam de Pompadour comes over, as was reported when I left town, impart to us a minute account of the complexion ſhe now wears, and of every article of her dreſs; any milliner will explain the terms to you. I don't ſee that you have yet publiſhed the little novel I ſent you; I aſſure you it was written by a right honourable: but you, I ſuppoſe, think the ſtyle colloquial as you call it, and the moral trite or trifling. Colonel Caper's pindaric ode on the E O table, muſt abſolutely be inſerted in your very next paper, or elſe never expect to hear again from

LETITIA

To.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

I APPLY to you, as a perſon of prudence and knowledge of the world, for directions how to extricate myſelf out of a great and uncommon difficulty. To enable myſelf to breed up a numerous family on a ſmall preferment, I have been adviſed to indulge my natural propenſity for poetry, and to write a tragedy: my deſign is to apprentice my eldeſt ſon to a reputable tradeſman, with the profits I ſhall acquire by the repreſentation of my play, being deterred by the inordinate expences of an univerſity education from making him a ſcholar. An old gentlewoman in my pariſh, a great reader of religious controverſy, whom celibacy and the reduction of intereſt have made moroſely devout, accidentally hearing of my performance, undertook to cenſure me in all companies with acrimony and zeal, as acting inconſiſtently with the dignity of my public character, and as a promoter of debauchery and lewdneſs. She has informed my churchwardens, that the playhouſe is the temple of Satan, and that the firſt Chriſtians were ſtrictly forbidden to enter the theatres, as places impure and contagious. My congregations grow thin; my clerk ſhakes his head, and fears his maſter is not ſo ſound as he ought to be. I was lately diſcourſing on the beautiful parable of the prodigal ſon, and moſt unfortunately quoted Eraſmus's obſervation on it, "*ex quo quidem argumento poſſet non inelegans texi comedia*,—on which ſubject a "moſt elegant comedy might be compoſed;" which has ruined me for ever, and deſtroyed all the little reſpect remaining for me in the minds of my pariſhioners. What! cried they, would the parſon put the Bible into verſe? would he make ſtage-plays out of the ſcriptures? How, Sir, am I to act? Aſſiſt me with your advice. Am I for ever to bear unreaſonable obloquy, and undeſerved reproach? or muſt I, to regain the good opinion of my people, relinquiſh all hopes of the five hundred pounds I was to gain by my piece, and gene-

rously burn my tragedy in my church-yard, in the face of my whole congregation?

Your's &c.

JACOB THOMASON.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

I HAD almoſt finiſhed a view of the inſide of St. Peter's at Rome in butterfly-work, when my cruel parroquet accidently trod upon the purple emperor, of which the high altar was to have been made. This is the firſt letter I have written after my dreadful loſs; and it is to deſire you to put an advertiſement at the end of your next paper, ſignifying, that whoever has any "purple emperors or ſwallow tails" to diſpoſe of, may hear of a purchaſer at lady Whim's in New Bond-ſtreet.

Your's, &c.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IF you will pay off my milk-ſcore and lodgings, ſtop my taylor from arreſting me, and put twenty pieces in my pocket, I will immediately ſet out for Lyons on foot, and ſtay there till I have tranſlated into Engliſh the manuſcript of Longinus which you talk of in your fifty-firſt paper. Favour me with a ſpeedy anſwer, directed to Mr. Quillit, at the cork-cutter's, in Wych-ſtreet, Drury lane.

P. S. Seven bookſellers have already applied to me, and offer to pay me very generouſly for my tranſlation, eſpecially as there is no French one for me to conſult.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

YOU affect great tenderneſs and ſenſibility whenever you ſpeak of the ladies. I have always deſpiſed them as trifling and expenſive animals; and have, therefore,

therefore, enjoyed the delicious liberty of what they idly and opprobriously call an old bachelor. I consider love in no other light, than as the parent of misery and folly, and the son of idleness and ease. I am, therefore, inexpressibly delighted with a passage of uncommon sense and penetration, which I have lately met with in the works of the celebrated Huet; and which, because no English writer has taken notice of it, I beg you would publish for the use of my countrymen, as it will impart to them a method of escaping the despicable lot of living under female tyranny.

"Love," says this judicious prelate, "is not only a "passion of the soul like hatred and envy, but is also a "malady of the body like a fever. It is situated in the "blood and the animal spirits, which are extraordinarily "inflamed and agitated; and it ought to be treated me-"thodically by the rules of medicine, in order to effect "a cure. I am of opinion, that this disorder may easily "be subdued by plentiful sweats and copious bleedings, "which would carry off the peccant humours and these "violent inflammations, would purge the blood, calm "its emotions, and re-establish it in its former natural "state. This is not merely groundless conjecture, it is "an opinion founded on experience. A great prince, "with whom I was intimately acquainted, having con-"ceived a violent passion for a young lady of exalted "merit, was obliged to leave her, and to take the field "with the army. During this absence, his love was "cherished and kept alive by a frequent and regular in-"tercourse of letters to the end of the campaign, when "dangerous sickness reduced him to extremity. By "applying to the most powerful and efficacious drugs "physic could boast of, he recovered his health, but lost "his passion, which the great evacuations he had used "had entirely carried off unknown to him. For ima-"gining that he was as much in love as ever, he found "himself unexpectedly cold and indifferent, the first "time he beheld again the lady of whom he had been so "passionately fond. The like accident befel one of my "most intimate friends, who recovering from a long and

" ſtubborn fever by falling into copious ſweats, per-
" ceived at the ſame time that he was cured of a paſſion,
" that for ſome time before had continually teized and
" grievouſly tormented him. He had no longer any
" taſte for the object he formerly adored, attempted
" in vain to renew his gallantries, and found that in-
" ſenſibility and diſlike had baniſhed tenderneſs and
" reſpect."

I am your's,

AKALOS.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IN one of your late ſermons I am informed, for I never read myſelf, that you have preſumed to ſpeak with ridicule and contempt of the noble order of Bucks. Seven of us agreed laſt night at the King's Arms, that if you dared to be guilty of the like impudence a ſecond time, we would come in a body and untile your garret, burn your pocket-book of hints, throw your papers ready written for the preſs into a jakes, and drive you out into the Strand in your tattered night-gown and ſlippers: and you may gueſs what a fine ſpectacle the mob will think an animal that ſo ſeldom ſees the ſun as you do. I aſſure you, that next to a day at Broughton's, or the damnation of a new play, the trueſt joy of our fraternity is, " to hunt an author."

Your's

Z BOB WHIPCLEAN.

No. LXXII. SATURDAY, JULY 14.

Πολλα μαλαξυ πιλει καλυκος και χειλεος ακρε.

PROV. GR.

Many things happen between the cup and the lip.

THE following narrative is by an eaſtern tradition attributed to one Heli Ben Hamet, a moraliſt of Arabia, who is ſaid to have delivered his precepts in

in public and periodical orations. This tradition corresponds with the manner in which the narrative is introduced; and, indeed, it may poſſibly have no other foundation: but the tradition itſelf, however founded, is ſufficient authority to conſider Heli as the literary Adventurer of a remote age and nation; and as only one number of his work is extant, I ſhall not ſcruple to incorporate it with my own.

Doſt thou aſk a torch to diſcover the brightneſs of the morning? doſt thou appeal to argument for proofs of Divine Perfection? Look down to the earth on which thou ſtandeſt, and lift up thine eye to the worlds that roll above thee. Thou beholdeſt ſplendor, abundance, and beauty; is not he who produced them mighty? Thou conſidereſt; is not he who formed thy underſtanding, wiſe? Thou enjoyeſt; is not he who gratifies thy ſenſes, good? Can aught have limited his bounty but his wiſdom? or can defects in his ſagacity be diſcovered by thine? To Heli, the preacher of humility and reſignation, let thine ear be again attentive, thou whoſe heart has rebelled in ſecret, and whoſe wiſh has ſilently accuſed thy Maker.

I roſe early in the morning to meditate, that I might without preſumption hope to be heard. I left my habitation, and, turning from the beaten path, I wandered without remarking my way, or regarding any object that I paſſed, till the extreme heat of the ſun, which now approached the meridian, compelled my attention. The wearineſs which I had inſenſibly contracted by the length of my walk, became in a moment inſupportable; and looking round for ſhelter, I ſuddenly perceived that I was not far from the wood, in which Rhedi the hermit inveſtigates the ſecrets of nature, and aſcribes glory to God. The hope of improving my meditation by his wiſdom, gave me new vigour; I ſoon reached the wood, I was refreſhed by the ſhade, and I walked forward till I reached the cell. I entered, but Rhedi was abſent. I had not, however, waited long, before I diſcovered him through the trees at ſome diſtance, advancing towards

me

me with a perſon whoſe appearance was, if poſſible, yet more venerable, and whom before I had never ſeen.

When they came near I roſe up, and laying my hand upon my lips, I bowed myſelf with reverence before them. Rhedi ſaluted me by my name, and preſented me to his companion, before whom I again bowed myſelf to the ground. Having looked ſtedfaſtly in my countenance, he laid his hand upon my head, and bleſſed me: "Heli, ſaid he, "thoſe who deſire knowledge that they may "teach virtue, ſhall not be diſappointed: ſit down, I "relate events which yet thou knoweſt but in part, and "and diſcloſe ſecrets of Providence from which thou "mayeſt derive inſtruction." We ſat down, and I liſtened as to the counſel of an angel, or the muſic of Paradiſe.

Amana, the daughter of Sanbad, the ſhepherd, was drawing water at the wells of Adail, when a caravan which had paſſed the deſart arrived, and the driver of the camels alighted to give them drink: thoſe which came firſt to the wells, belonged to Nouraddin the merchant, who had brought fine linen and other merchandiſe of great value from Egypt. Amana, when the caravan drew near, had covered herſelf with her veil, which the ſervant of Nouraddin, to gratify a brutal curioſity, attempted to withdraw.

Amana, provoked by the indignity, and encouraged by the preſence of others, ſtruck him with the ſtaff of the bucket; and he was about to retaliate the violence, when Nouraddin, who was himſelf with the caravan, called out to him to forbear, and immediately haſted to the well. The veil of Amana had fallen off in the ſtruggle, and Nouraddin was captivated with her beauty: the lovely confuſion of offended modeſty that glowed upon her cheek, the diſdain that ſwelled her boſom, and the reſentment that ſparkled in her eyes, expreſſed a conſciouſneſs of her ſex, which warmed and animated her beauty: they were graces which Nouraddin had never ſeen, and produced a tumult in his breaſt which he had never felt; for Nouraddin, though he had now great poſſeſſions, was yet a youth, and a ſtranger to woman: the

the merchandiſe which he was tranſporting, had been purchaſed by his father, whom the angel of death had interrupted in the journey, and the ſudden acceſſion of independence and wealth, did not diſpoſe him to reſtrain the impetuoſity of deſire: he, therefore, demanded Amana of her parents; his meſſage was received with gratitude and joy: and Nouraddin, after a ſhort time, carried her back to Egypt, having firſt puniſhed the ſervant, by whom ſhe had been inſulted at the well, with his own hand.

But he delayed the ſolemnities of marriage, till the time of mourning for his father ſhould expire; and the gratification of a paſſion which he could not ſuppreſs, was without much difficulty ſuſpended now its object was in his power. He anticipated the happineſs which he believed to be ſecured; and ſuppoſed that it would increaſe by expectation, like a treaſure by uſury, of which more is ſtill poſſeſſed, as poſſeſſion is longer delayed.

During this interval Amana recovered from the tumultuous joy of ſudden elevation; her ambition was at an end, and ſhe became ſuſceptible of love. Nouraddin, who regretted the obſcurity of her birth only becauſe it had prevented the cultivation of her mind, laboured inceſſantly to ſupply the defect: ſhe received his inſtruction not only with gratitude, but delight; while he ſpoke ſhe gazed upon him with eſteem and reverence, and had no wiſh but to return the happineſs which he was impatient to beſtow.

At this time Oſmin the caliph was upon the throne of Egypt. The paſſions of Oſmin, thou knoweſt, were impetuous as the torrents of Alared, and fatal as the whirlwind of the deſart: to excite and to gratify, was the whole purpoſe of his mind; but his wiſh was ſtill unſatisfied, and his life was wretched. His ſeraglio was filled with beauty; but the power of beauty he had exhauſted: he became outrageous to revive deſire by a new object, which he demanded of Nardic the eunuch, whom he had not only ſet over his women but his kingdom, with menaces and execration. Nardic, therefore, cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever ſhould produce the

the moſt beautiful virgin within two days, ſhould ſtand in the preſence of the caliph, and be deemed the third in his kingdom.

Caled, the ſervant who had been beaten by Nouraddin, returned with him to Egypt: the ſullen ferocity of his temper was encreaſed by the deſire of revenge, and the gloom of diſcontent was deepened by deſpair: but when he heard the proclamation of Nardic, joy kindled in his aſpect like lightning in the darkneſs of a ſtorm; the offence which he had committed againſt Amana, enabled him to revenge the puniſhment which it produced. He knew that ſhe was yet a virgin, and that her marriage was near: he, therefore, haſted to the palace, and demanded to be brought before Nardic, who in the midſt of magnificence and ſervility, the flattery of dependent ambition and the zeal of unlimited obedience, was ſitting pale and ſilent, his brow contracted with anxiety, and his breaſt throbbing with apprehenſion.

When Caled was brought into his preſence, he fell proſtrate before him: "By the ſmile of my lord," ſaid he, "let another be diſtinguiſhed from the ſlaves who "mingle in obſcurity, and let his favour elevate ano- "ther from the duſt; but let my ſervice be accepted, "and let the deſire of Oſmin be ſatisfied with beauty. "Amana will ſhortly be eſpouſed to Nouraddin; but of "Amana the ſovereign of Egypt only is worthy. Haſte, "therefore, to demand her; ſhe is now with him in the "houſe, to which I will conduct the meſſenger of thy "will."

Nardic received this intelligence with tranſports of joy; a mandate was inſtantly written to Nouraddin; it was ſealed with the royal ſignet, and delivered to Caled, who returned with a force ſufficient to compel obedience.

On this day the mourning of Nouraddin expired: he had changed his apparel, and perfumed his perſon; his features were brightened with the gladneſs of his heart; he had invited his friends to the feſtival of his marriage, and the evening was to accompliſh his wiſhes: the evening alſo was expected by Amana, with a joy which ſhe did not labour to ſuppreſs; and ſhe was hiding her bluſhes

in

in the breaſt of Nouraddin, when Caled arrived with the mandate and the guard.

The domeſtics were alarmed and terrified; and Nouraddin, being inſtantly acquainted with the event, ruſhed out of the apartment of Amana with diſorder and trepidation. When he ſaw Caled, he was moved with anger and diſdain; but he was intimidated by the appearance of the guard. Caled immediately advanced, and with looks of inſolence and triumph, preſented the mandate. Nouraddin ſeeing the royal ſignet, kneeled to receive it; and having gazed a moment at the ſuperſcription, preſſed it upon his forehead in an agony of ſuſpence and terror. The wretch who had betrayed him enjoyed the anguiſh which he ſuffered; and perceiving that he was fainting, and had not fortitude to read the paper, acquainted him with the contents: at the name of Amana he ſtarted, as if he had felt the ſting of a ſcorpion, and immediately fell to the ground.

Caled proceeded to execute his commiſſion without remorſe; he was not to be moved by ſwooning, expoſtulation, entreaty, or tears; but having conducted Amana to the ſeraglio, preſented her to Nardic, with exultation and hope. Nardic, whoſe wiſh was flattered by her ſtature and her ſhape, lifted up her veil with impatience, timidity, and ſolicitude: but the moment he beheld her face, his doubts were at an end: he proſtrated himſelf before her, as a perſon on whoſe pleaſure his life would from that moment depend. She was conducted to the chamber of the women, and Caled was the ſame hour inveſted with his new dignity; an apartment was aſſigned him in the palace, and he was made captain of the guard that kept the gates.

Nouraddin, when he recovered his ſenſibility, and found that Amana had been conducted to the ſeraglio, was ſeized by turns with diſtraction and ſtupidity: he paſſed the night in agitations, by which the powers of nature were exhauſted, and in the morning he locked himſelf into the chamber of Amana, and threw himſelf on a ſofa, determined to admit no comforter, and to receive no ſuſtenance.

No.

No. LXXIII. TUESDAY, JULY 17.

——Numinibus vota exaudita malignis. Juv.

Prayers made and granted in a luckleſs hour. Dryden.

WHILE Nouraddin was thus abandoned to deſpair, Nardic's deſcription of Amana had rouzed Oſmin from his apathy. He commanded that ſhe ſhould be prepared to receive him, and ſoon after went alone into her apartment. Familiar as he was with beauty, and ſatiated with enjoyment, he could not behold Amana without emotion: he perceived, indeed, that ſhe was in tears, and that his preſence covered her with confuſion; yet he believed that her terrors would be eaſily removed, that by kindneſs ſhe might be ſoothed to familiarity, and by careſſes excited to dalliance; but the moment he approached her, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and entreated to be heard, with an importunity which he choſe rather to indulge than reſiſt: he, therefore, raiſed her from the ground, and ſupporting her in his arms, encouraged her to proceed, "Let my lord," ſaid ſhe, "diſmiſs a wretch who is not worthy of his "preſence, and compaſſionate the diſtreſs which is not "ſuſceptible of delight. I am the daughter of a ſhep-"herd, betrothed to the merchant Nouraddin, from "whom my body has been forced by the perfidy of "a ſlave, and to whom my ſoul is united by indiſſoluble "bonds. O! let not the terrors of thy frown be upon "me! Shall the ſovereign of Egypt ſtoop to a reptile of "the duſt? Shall the judge of nations retain the worth-"leſs theft of treachery and revenge? Or ſhall he, for "whom ten thouſand languiſh with deſire, rejoice in the "ſufferance of one alienated mind?" Oſmin, whoſe breaſt had by turns been inflamed with deſire and indignation, while he gazed upon the beauties of Amana and liſtened to her voice, now ſuddenly threw her from him, and departed without reply.

When he was alone, he remained a few moments in ſuſpence: but the paſſions which eloquence had repreſſ-

ed,

ed, ſoon became again predominant; and he commanded Amana to be told, that if within three hours ſhe did not come prepared to gratify his wiſhes, he would caſt the head of the ſlave for whom he was rejected at her feet.

The eunuch by whom this meſſage was delivered, and the woman who had returned to Amana when the caliph retired, were touched with pity at her diſtreſs, and trembled at her danger: the evils which they could ſcarce hope to prevent, they were yet ſolicitous to delay; and, therefore, adviſed her to requeſt three days of preparation, that ſhe might ſufficiently recover the tranquillity of her mind, to make a juſt eſtimate of her own happineſs; and with this requeſt to ſend, as a pledge of her obedience, a bowl of ſherbet, in which a pearl had been diſſolved, and of which ſhe had firſt drank herſelf.

To this advice, after ſome throbs of deſperation, ſhe at length conſented, and prepared to put it in execution.

At the time when this reſolution was taken, Nouraddin ſuddenly ſtarted from a reſtleſs ſlumber; he was again ſtung by an inſtantaneous reflection upon his own miſery, and indulged the diſcontent of his mind in this exclamation: "If wiſdom and goodneſs do indeed preſide over the works of Omnipotence, whence is oppreſſion, injuſtice, and cruelty? As Nouraddin alone has a right to Amana, why is Amana in the power of Oſmin? O that now the juſtice of Heaven would appear in my behalf! O that from this hour I was Oſmin, and Oſmin Nouraddin!" The moment he had uttered this wiſh, his chamber was darkened as with a thick cloud, which was at length diſſipated by a burſt of thunder; and a being, whoſe appearance was more than human, ſtood before him. "Nouraddin," ſaid the viſion, "I am of the region above thee; but my buſineſs is with the children of the earth. Thou haſt wiſhed to be Oſmin, and as far this wiſh is poſſible it ſhall be accompliſhed; thou ſhalt be enabled to aſſume his appearance, and to exerciſe his power. I know not yet whether I am permitted to conceal Oſmin under the appearance of Nouraddin, but till to-morrow he ſhall not interrupt thee.

Nouraddin, who had been held motionleſs by aſtoniſhment and terror, now recovered his fortitude as in the preſence of a friend; and was about to expreſs his gratitude and joy, when the Genius bound a taliſman on his left arm, and acquainted him with its power: "As "often as this bracelet," ſaid he, "ſhall be applied "to the region of thy heart, thou ſhalt be alternately "changed in appearance from Nouraddin to Oſmin, and "from Oſmin to Nouraddin." The Genius then ſuddenly diſappeared, and Nouraddin, impatient to recover the poſſeſſion of Amana, inſtantly applied the ſtud of the bracelet to his breaſt, and the next moment found himſelf alone in an apartment of the ſeraglio.

During this interval, the caliph, who was expecting the iſſue of his meſſage to Amana, became reſtleſs and impatient: he quitted his apartment, and went into the gardens, where he walked backwards and forwards with a violent but interrupted pace: and at length ſtood ſtill, frowning and penſive, with his eyes fixed on the clear ſurface of a fountain in the middle of the walk. The agitation of his mind continued, and at length broke out into this ſoliloquy: "What is my felicity, "and what is my power? I am wretched, by the want "of that, which the caprice of women has beſtowed "upon my ſlave. I gratify revenge, but not deſire; I "can with-hold felicity from him, but I cannot pro"cure it to myſelf. Why have I not power to aſſume "the form in which I might enjoy my wiſhes? I will "at leaſt enjoy them in thought. If I was Nouraddin, "I ſhould be claſped with tranſport to the boſom of "Amana." He then reſigned himſelf to the power of imagination, and was again ſilent; but the moment his wiſh was uttered, he became ſubject to the genius who had juſt tranſported Nouraddin to his palace. This wiſh, therefore, was inſtantly fulfilled; and his eyes being ſtill fixed upon the water, he perceived with ſudden wonder and delight, that his figure had been changed in a moment, and that the mirror reflected another image. His fancy had been warmed with the ideal careſſes of Amana; the tumult of his mind was increaſ-

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ed by the prodigy; and the gratification of his appetite being the only object of his attention, he haſtened inſtantly to the palace, without reflecting that, as he would not be known, he would be refuſed admittance. At the door, to which he advanced with eagerneſs and precipitation, he was ſtopped by a party of the guard that was now commanded by Caled: a tumult enſued, and Caled being haſtily called, believed that Nouraddin, in the phrenzy of deſperation, had ſcaled the walls of the garden to recover Amana; and rejoicing in an opportunity of revenge that exceeded his hope, inſtantly ſtabbed him with his poinard, but at the ſame time received that of the caliph in his heart. Thus fell at once the tyrant and the traitor; the tyrant by the hand which had been armed to ſupport him in oppreſſion, and the traitor by the fury of the appetite which his perfidy had excited.

In the mean time the man who was believed to be ſlain, repoſed in ſecurity upon a ſofa; and Amana, by the direction of her women, had prepared the meſſuage and the bowl. They were now diſpatched to the Caliph, and received by Nouraddin. He underſtood by the meſſuage that Amana was yet inviolate: in the joy of his heart, therefore, he took the bowl, which having emptied, he returned by the eunuch, and commanded that Amana ſhould be brought into his preſence.

In obedience to this command, ſhe was conducted by her women to the door, but ſhe entered alone pale and trembling; and though her lips were forced into a ſmile, the characters which grief, dread and averſion, had written in her countenance, were not effaced. Nouraddin, who beheld her diſorder, exulted in the fidelity of her love, and ſpringing forward, threw his arms about her in an extaſy of tenderneſs and joy; which was ſtill heightened when he perceived, that in the character of Oſmin thoſe embraces were ſuffered with reluctance, which in his own were returned with ardor: he therefore, retreating backward a few paces, applied the taliſman again to his breaſt, and having recovered his own form, would have ruſhed again into her arms, but ſhe

ſtarted from him in confuſion and terror. He ſmiled at the effect of the prodigy; and ſuſtaining her on his boſom, repeated ſome tender incidents which were known to no other; told her by what means he had intercepted her meſſuage; and urged her immediately to eſcape, that they might poſſeſs all their deſires in each other, and leave the incumbrance of royalty to the wretch whoſe likeneſs he had been enabled to aſſume, and was now impatient to renounce. Amana gazed at him with a fixed attention, till her ſuſpicion and doubts were removed; then ſuddenly turned from him, tore her garment, and looking up to heaven, imprecated curſes upon her head, till her voice faultered, and ſhe burſt into tears.

Of this agony, Nouraddin beheld her with unutterable diſtreſs, the broken exclamations of Amana at length acquainted him with the cauſe. "In the bowl," ſaid ſhe, "which thou haſt intercepted, there was death. I "wiſhed, when I took it from my lips, that the "draught which remained might be poiſon: a powder "was immediately ſhaken into it by an inviſible hand, "and a voice whiſpered me, that him who drank the "potion it would inevitably deſtroy."

Nouraddin, to whoſe heart the fatal malignity had now ſpread, perceived that his diſſolution would be ſudden: his legs already trembled, and his eyes became dim: he ſtretched out his arms towards Amana, and his countenance was diſtorted by an ineffectual effort to ſpeak; impenetrable darkneſs came upon him, he groaned and fell backwards. In his fall the taliſman again ſmote his breaſt; his form was again changed, and the horrors of death were impreſſed upon the features of Oſmin. Amana, who ran to ſupport him, when ſhe perceived the laſt transformation, ruſhed out of the apartment with the wild impetuoſity of diſtraction and deſpair. The ſeraglio was alarmed in a moment: the body, which was miſtaken for that of Oſmin, was examined by the phyſicians; the effects of poiſon were evident; Amana was immediately ſuſpected; and by the command

command of Shomar, who ſucceeded his father, ſhe was put to death.

"Such," ſaid the companion of Rhedi, "was the "end of Nouraddin and Amana, of Oſman and Caled, "from whoſe deſtiny I have withdrawn the veil: let the "world conſider it, and be wiſe. Be thou ſtill the "meſſenger of inſtruction, and let increaſe of knowledge "cloath thee with humility."

While mine eye was fixed upon the hoary ſage, who had thus vouchſafed me counſel and knowledge, his countenance became bright as the morning, and his robe fleecy like a cloud; he roſe like a vapour from the ground, and the next moment I ſaw him no more.

I then turned towards Rhedi the hermit, chilled with reverence, and dumb with aſtoniſhment: but in the countenance of Rhedi was the calm cheerfulneſs of ſuperior virtue; and I perceived that the ſanctity of his life had acquainted him with divine intelligence. "Hamet," ſaid he, "the voice which thou haſt heard, is the voice "of Zachis the genius; by whoſe power the wonders "which he has related were produced. It is the pro-"vince of Zachis to puniſh impatience and preſump-"tion, by fulfilling the deſires of thoſe who interrupt "the order of nature. and preſume to direct the hand "of Providence. Relate what thou haſt heard, to pre-"ſerve others from his power."

Now, therefore, let virtue ſuffer adverſity with patience, and vice dread to incur the miſeries ſhe would inflict, for by him who repines at the ſcale of Heaven, his own portion of good is diminiſhed; and he who preſumptuouſly aſſumes the ſword, will turn the point up-his own boſom.

No. LXXIV. SATURDAY, JULY 21.

Inſanientis dum ſapientiæ.
Conſultus, erro. Hor.

I miſt my end, and loſt my way,
By crack-brain'd wiſdom led aſtray.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IT has long been charged by one part of mankind upon the other, that they will not take advice; that counſel and inſtruction are generally thrown away; and that, in defiance both of admonition and example, all claim the right to chuſe their own meaſures, and to regulate their own lives.

That there is ſomething in advice very uſeful and ſalutary, ſeems to be equally confeſſed on all hands: ſince even thoſe that reject it, allow for the moſt part that rejection to be wrong, but charge the fault upon the unſkilful manner in which it is given; they admit the efficacy of the medicine, but abhor the naufeouſneſs of the vehicle.

Thus mankind have gone on from century to century: ſome have been adviſing others how to act, and ſome have been teaching the adviſers how to adviſe; yet very little alteration has been made in the world. As we muſt all by the law of nature enter life in ignorance, we muſt all make our way through it by the light of our own experience; and, for any ſecurity that advice has been yet able to afford, muſt endeavour after ſucceſs at the hazard of miſcarriage, and learn to do right by venturing to do wrong.

By advice I would not be underſtood to mean, the everlaſting and invariable principles of moral and religious truth, from which no change of external circumſtances can juſtify any deviation; but ſuch directions as reſpect merely the prudential part of conduct, and which

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may be followed or neglected without any violation of eſſential duties.

It is, indeed, not ſo frequently to make us good as to make wiſe, that our friends employ the officiouſneſs of counſel; and among the rejectors of advice, who are mentioned by the grave and ſententious with ſo much acrimony, you will not ſo often find the vicious and abandoned, as the pert and petulant, the vivacious and the giddy.

As the great end of female education is to get a huſband, this likewiſe is the general ſubject of female advice; and the dreadful denunciation againſt theſe volatile girls, who will not liſten patiently to the lectures of wrinkled wiſdom, is, that they will die unmarried, or throw themſelves away upon ſome worthleſs fellow, who will never be able to keep them a coach.

I being naturally of a ductile and eaſy temper, without ſtrong deſires or quick reſentments, was always a favourite of the elderly ladies, becauſe I never rebelled againſt ſeniority, nor could be charged with thinking myſelf wiſe before my time; but heard every opinion with ſubmiſſive ſilence, profeſſed myſelf ready to learn from all who ſeemed inclined to teach me, paid the ſame grateful acknowledgements for precepts contradictory to each other, and if any controverſy aroſe, was careful to ſide with her who preſided in the company.

Of this compliance I very early found the advantage; for my aunt Matilda left me a very large addition to my fortune, for this reaſon chiefly, as ſhe herſelf declared, becauſe I was not above hearing good counſel, but would ſit from morning till night to be inſtructed, while my ſiſter Sukey, who was a year younger than myſelf, and was, therefore, in greater want of information, was ſo much conceited of her own knowledge, that whenever the good lady in the ardour of benevolence reproved or inſtructed her, ſhe would pout or titter, interrupt her with queſtions, or embarraſs her with objections.

I had no deſign to ſupplant my ſiſter by this complaiſant attention; nor, when the conſequence of my obſequiouſneſs came to be known, did Sukey ſo much envy as deſpiſe

deſpiſe me: I was, however, very well pleaſed with my ſucceſs; and having received, from the concurrent opinion of all mankind, a notion, that to be rich was to be great and happy, I thought I had obtained my advantages at an eaſy rate, and reſolved to continue the ſame paſſive attention, ſince I found myſelf ſo powerfully recommended by it to kindneſs and eſteem.

The deſire of adviſing has a very extenſive prevalence; and ſince advice cannot be given but to thoſe that will hear it, a patient liſtener is neceſſary to the accommodation of all thoſe who deſire to be confirmed in the opinion of their own wiſdom: a patient liſtener, however, is not always to be had; the preſent age, whatever age is preſent, is ſo vitiated and diſordered, that young people are readier to talk than to attend, and good counſel is only thrown away upon thoſe who are full of their own perfections.

I was, therefore, in this ſcarcity of good ſenſe, a general favourite; and ſeldom ſaw a day in which ſome ſober matron did not invite me to her houſe, or take me out in her chariot, for the ſake of inſtructing me how to keep my character in this cenſorious age, how to conduct myſelf in the time of courtſhip, how to ſtipulate for a ſettlement, how to manage a huſband of every character, regulate my family, and educate my children.

We are naturally credulous in our own favour. Having been ſo often careſſed and applauded for my docility, I was willing to believe myſelf really enlightened by inſtruction, and completely qualified for the taſk of life. I did not doubt but I was entering the world with a mind furniſhed againſt all exigencies, with expedients to extricate myſelf from difficulty, and ſagacity to provide againſt every danger; I was, therefore, in haſte to give ſome ſpecimen of my prudence, and to ſhew that this liberality of inſtruction had not been idly laviſhed upon a mind incapable of improvement.

My purpoſe, for why ſhould I deny it? was like that of other women, to obtain a huſband of rank and fortune ſuperior to my own; and in this I had the concurrence of all thoſe that had aſſumed the province of directing

recting me. That the woman was undone who married below herſelf, was univerſally agreed: and though ſome ventured to aſſert, that the richer man ought invariably to be preferred, and that money was a ſufficient compenſation for a defective anceſtry; yet the majority declared warmly for a gentleman, and were of opinion that upſtarts ſhould not be encouraged.

With regard to other qualifications I had an irreconcileable variety of inſtructions. I was ſometimes told, that deformity was no defect in a man; and that he who was not encouraged to intrigue by an opinion of his perſon, was more likely to value the tenderneſs of his wife: but a grave widow directed me to chooſe a man who might imagine himſelf agreeable to me, for that the deformed were always inſupportably vigilant, and apt to ſink into ſullenneſs, or burſt into rage, if they found their wife's eye wandering for a moment to a good face or a handſome ſhape.

They were, however, all unanimous in warning me, with repeated cautions, againſt all thoughts of union with a wit, as an animal for whom no arts of taming had yet been diſcovered: the woman whom he could once get within his power, was conſidered as loſt to all hope of dominion or quiet: for he would detect artifice and defeat allurement; and if once he diſcovered any failure of conduct, would believe his own eyes, in defiance of tears, careſſes, and proteſtations.

In purſuance of theſe ſage principles, I proceeded to form my ſchemes; and while I was yet in the firſt bloom of youth, was taken out of an aſſemby by Mr. Friſk. I was afraid my cheeks glowed, and my eyes ſparkled; for I obſerved the looks of all my ſuperintendants fixed anxiouſly upon me; and I was next day cautioned againſt him from all hands, as a man of the moſt dangerous and formidable kind, who had writ verſes to one lady, and then forſaken her only becauſe ſhe could not read them, and had lampooned another for no other fault than defaming his ſiſter.

Having been hitherto accuſtomed to obey, I ventured to diſmiſs Mr. Friſk, who happily did not think me worth

worth the labour of a lampoon. I was then addreſſed by Mr. Sturdy, and congratulated by all my friends on the manors of which I was ſhortly to be lady: but Sturdy's converſation was ſo groſs, that after the third viſit I could endure him no longer; and incurred, by diſmiſſing him, the cenſure of all my friends, who declared that my nicety was greater than my prudence, and that they feared it would be my fate at laſt to be wretched with a wit.

By a wit, however I was never afterwards attacked, but lovers of every other claſs, or pretended lovers, I have often had; and, notwithſtanding the advice conſtantly given me, to have no regard in my choice to my own inclinations, I could not forbear to diſcard ſome for vice, and ſome for rudeneſs. I was once loudly cenſured for refuſing an old gentleman who offered an enormous jointure, and died of the phthyſic a year after; and was ſo baited with inceſſant importunities, that I ſhould have given my hand to Drone the ſtock-jobber, had not the reduction of intereſt made him afraid of the expences of matrimony.

Some, indeed, I was permitted to encourage; but miſcarried of the main end, by treating them according to the rules of art which had been preſcribed me. Aſtilis, an old maid, infuſed into me ſo much haughtineſs and reſerve, that ſome of my lovers withdrew themſelves from my frown, and returned no more; others were driven away, by the demands of ſettlement which the widow Trapland directed me to make; and I have learned, by many experiments, that to aſk advice is to loſe opportunity.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant.

PERDITA.

No.

No. LXXV. TUESDAY, JULY 24.

——Quid virtus & quid ſapientia poſſit,
Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem. Hor.

To ſhew what pious wiſdom's pow'r can do,
The poet ſets Ulyſſes in our view. Francis.

I HAVE frequently wondered at the common practice of our inſtructors of youth, in making their pupils far more intimately acquainted with the Iliad than with the Odyſſey of Homer. This abſurd cuſtom, which ſeems to ariſe from the ſuppoſed ſuperiority of the former poem, has inclined me to make ſome reflections on the excellence of the latter; a taſk I am the more readily induced to undertake, as to little is performed in the diſſertation prefixed by Broome to Pope's tranſlation of this work, which one may venture to pronounce is confuſed, defective, and dull. Thoſe who receive all their opinions in criticiſm from cuſtom and authority, and never dare to conſult the deciſions of reaſon and the voice of nature and truth, muſt not accuſe me of being affectedly paradoxical, if I endeavour to maintain that the Odyſſey excels the Iliad in many reſpects; and that for ſeveral reaſons young ſcholars ſhould peruſe it early and attentively.

The moral of this poem is more extenſively uſeful than that of the Iliad; which, indeed, by diſplaying the dire effects of diſcord among rulers, may rectify the conduct of princes, and may be called the Manual of Monarchs: whereas the patience, the prudence, the wiſdom, the temperance and fortitude of Ulyſſes, afford a pattern, the utility of which is not confined within the compaſs of courts and palaces, but deſcends and diffuſes its influence over common life and daily practice. If the faireſt examples ought to be placed before us in an age prone to imitation, if patriotiſm be preferable to implacability, if an eager deſire to return to one's country and family be more manly and noble than an eager deſire to be revenged of an enemy, then ſhould our eyes rather be fixed on Ulyſſes than Achilles. Unexperienced minds,

too

too easily captivated with the fire and fury of a gallant general, are apt to prefer courage to constancy, and firmness to hamanity. We do not behold the destroyers of peace and the murderers of mankind, with the detestation due to their crimes; because we have been inured almost from our infancy to listen to the praises that have been wantonly lavished on them by the most exquisite poetry: "The Muses," to apply the words of an ancient Lyric, "have concealed and decorated the bloody "sword with wreaths of myrtle." Let the Iliad be ever ranked at the head of human compositions for its spirit and sublimity; but let not the milder, and, perhaps, more insinuating and attractive beauties of the Odyssey be despised and overlooked. In the one we are placed amidst the rage of storms and tempests:

Ὡς δ' υπο λαιλαπι πασακελινη βεβριθε χθων
Ἤματ οπωρινῳ, οτε λαβροτατον χεει υδωρ
Ζευς, οτε δη ρ ανδρεσσι κοτεσσαμενος χαλεπηνη.

Iliad XVI. 384.

And when in autumn Jove his fury pours,
And earth is loaden with incessant showers;
From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
And opens all the flood gates of the skies.

Pope.

In the other, all is tranquil and sedate and calmly delightful:

———Ουτε ποτ' ομβρος,
Ἀλλ' αιει Ζεφυροιο λιγυπνειοντας αρητας
Ὠκεανος ανιησιν αναψυχειν ανθρωπους. Odyss. IV. 566.

Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime;
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mold the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow
But from the breezy deep, the Blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

Pope.

Accordingly,

Accordingly, to diſtinguiſh the very different natures of theſe poems, it was anciently the practice of thoſe who publicly recited them, to repreſent the Iliad, in alluſion to the bloodſhed it deſcribed, in a robe of ſcarlet; and the Odyſſey, on account of the voyages it relates, in an azure veſtment.

The predominant paſſion of Ulyſſes being the love of his country, for the ſake of which he even refuſes immortality, the poet has taken every occaſion to diſplay it in the livelieſt and moſt ſtriking colours. The firſt time we behold the hero, we find him diſconſolately ſitting on the ſolitary ſhore, ſighing to return to Ithaca, Νοσον οδυρομενον, weeping inceſſantly, and ſtill caſting his eyes upon the ſea.

Ηστο επ' ατρυγετον δερκεσκετο, δακρυα λειβων.

"While a goddeſs," ſays Minerva at the very beginning of the poem, "by her power and allurements de-"tains him from Ithaca, he is dying with deſire to ſee "even ſo much as the ſmoke ariſe from his much-loved "iſland: *tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora!*" While the luxurious Phœnicians were enjoying a delicious banquet, he attended not to their mirth and muſic, for the time approached when he was to return to Ithaca: and they had prepared a ſhip for him to ſet ſail in the very next morning; and the thoughts of his approaching happineſs having engroſſed all his ſoul,

He ſate, and ey'd the ſun, and wiſh'd the night——

——Δη γαρ μενεαινε νεεσθαι.

To repreſent his impatience more ſtrongly, the poet adds a moſt expreſſive ſimile, ſuited to the ſimplicity of ancient times: "The ſetting of the ſun," ſays he, "was "as welcome and grateful to Ulyſſes, as it is to a well-"laboured ploughman, who earneſtly waits for its de-"cline, that he may return to his ſupper, Δορπον "επουχεσθαι, while his weary knees are painful to him "as he walks along."

——————Βλαβεται δε τα γυναι ιωντι.

"Notwithſtanding all the pleaſures and endearments "I received from Calypſo, yet," ſays our hero, "I "perpetually bedewed with my tears the garments "which this immortal beauty gave to me."

——————Ειματα δ' αιει
Δακρυσι δευεσκον τα μοι αμβροτα δωκε Καλυψω.

We are preſented in every page with freſh inſtructions of this love of his country; and his whole behaviour convinces us,

Ὡς εδεν γλυκιον ης πατριδος ουδε τοκηων.

This generous ſentiment runs like a golden vein throughout the whole poem.

If this animating example were duly and deeply inculcated, how ſtrong an impreſſion would it neceſſarily make upon the yielding minds of youth, when melted and mollified by the warmth of ſuch exalted poetry!

Nor is the Odyſſey leſs excellent and uſeful, in the amiable pictures it affords of private affections and domeſtic tenderneſſes,

——————and all the charities
Of father, ſon, and brother—————— MILTON.

When Ulyſſes deſcends into the infernal regions, it is finely contrived that he ſhould meet his aged mother Anticlea. After his firſt ſorrow and ſurprize, he eagerly enquires into the cauſes of her death, and adds, "Doth "my father yet live? does my ſon poſſeſs my dominions, "or does he groan under the tyranny of ſome uſurper "who thinks I ſhall never return? Is my wife ſtill con"ſtant to my bed? or hath ſome noble Grecian married "her?"---Theſe queſtions are the very voice of nature and affection. Anticlea anſwers, that "ſhe herſelf died "with grief for the loſs of Ulyſſes; that Laertes lan"guiſhes away life in ſolitude and ſorrow for him; and "that Penelope perpetually and inconſolably bewails his "abſence, and ſighs for his return."

When the hero, diſguiſed like a ſtranger, has the firſt interview with his father, whom he finds diverting his cares with rural amuſements in his little garden, he informs

forms him that he has ſeen his ſon on his travels, but now deſpairs of beholding him again. Upon this the ſorrow of Laertes is inexpreſſible: Ulyſſes can counterfeit no longer, but exclaims ardently,

I, I am he! O father riſe! behold
Thy ſon!

And the diſcovery of himſelf to Telemachus, in the ſixteenth book, in a ſpeech of ſhort and broken exclamations, is equally tender and pathetic.

The duties of univerſal benevolence, of charity, and of hoſpitality, that unknown and unpractiſed virtue, are perpetually inculcated with more emphaſis and elegance than in any ancient philoſopher, and I wiſh I could not add than in any modern. Ulyſſes meets with a friendly reception in all the various nations to which he is driven; who declare their inviolable obligations to protect and cheriſh the ſtranger and the wanderer. Above all, how amiable is the behaviour of Eumeus to his unknown maſter, who aſks for his charity. "It is not lawful "for me," ſays the Διος Ἀγγελος, "I dare not deſ- "piſe any ſtranger or indigent man, even if he were "much meaner than thou appeareſt to be; for the poor "and ſtrangers are ſent to us by Jupiter!" "Keep," ſays Epictetus, "continually in thy memory, what Eu- "meus ſpeaks in Homer to the diſguiſed Ulyſſes." I am ſenſible, that many ſuperficial French critics have endeavoured to ridicule all that paſſes at the lodge of Eumeus, as coarſe and indelicate, and below the dignity of epic poetry: but let them attend to the following obſervation of the greateſt genius of their nation: "ſince "it is delightful," ſays Fenelon, "to ſee in one of "Titian's landſcapes the goats climbing up a hanging "rock, or to behold in one of Teniers pieces a coun- "try feaſt and ruſtic dances; it is no wonder, that we "are pleaſed with ſuch natural deſcriptions as we find "in the Odyſſey. This ſimplicity of manners ſeems "to recal the golden age. I am more pleaſed with ho- "neſt Eumeus, than with the polite heroes of Clelea or "Cleopatra."

The moral precepts with which every page of the Odyſſey is pregnant, are equally noble. Plato's with is here accompliſhed; for we behold virtue perſonally appearing to the ſons of men, in her moſt awful and moſt alluring charms.

The remaining reaſons, why the Odyſſey is equal, if not ſuperior to the Iliad, and why it is a poem moſt peculiarly proper for the peruſal of youth, are; becauſe the great variety of events and ſcenes it contains, intereſt and engage the attention more than the Iliad; becauſe characters and images drawn from familiar life, are more uſeful to the generality of readers, and are alſo more difficult to be drawn; and becauſe the conduct of this poem, conſidered as the moſt perfect of epopees, is more artful and judicious than that of the other. The diſcuſſion of theſe beauties will make the ſubject of ſome enſuing paper.

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No. LXXVI. SATURDAY, JULY 28.

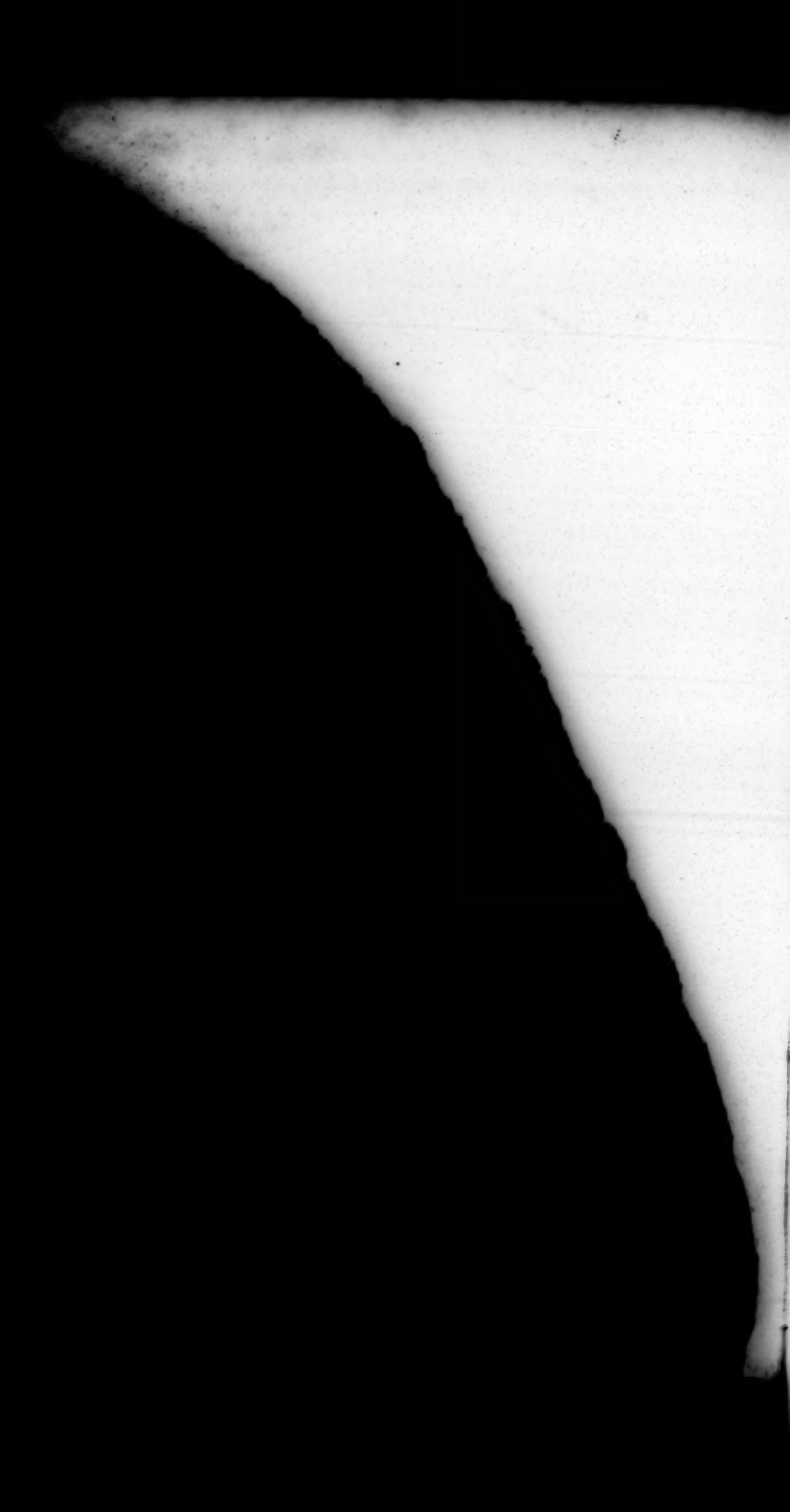
Duc me, Parens, celſique dominator poli,
Quocunque placui; nulla parendi mora eſt;
Adſum impiger. Fac nolle; comitabor gemens,
Malusque patiar, quod bono fieri poſſit pati.

SENECA EX CLEANTHE.

Conduct me, thou of heav'ns cauſe divine,
Where'er I'm deſtin'd in thy great deſign!
Active, I follow on; for ſhould my will
Reſiſt, I'm impious; but muſt follow ſtill.

HARRIS.

BOZALDAB, caliph of Egypt, had dwelt ſecurely for many years in the ſilken pavilions of pleaſure, and had every morning anointed his head with the oil of gladneſs, when his only ſon Aboram, for whom he had crowded his treaſuries with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an



an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

Bozaldah, in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair, refuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himſelf on the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and daſhed the cup of conſolation that patience offered him to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flut through the ſolitary vaults and echoing chambers of the pyramids. "Can that God be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the ſoul, as from an ambuſh, with "unexpected ſorrows, and cruſhes his creatures in a "moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, "prate to us no more of the juſtice and the kindneſs of "an all-directing and all-loving Providence! He, whom "ye pretend reigns in heaven, is ſo far from protecting "the miſerable ſons of men, that he perpetually delights "to blaſt the ſweeteſt flowerets in the garden of Hope; "and, like a malignant giant, to beat down the ſtrongeſt towers of Happineſs with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being poſſeſſed the goodneſs and the "power with which flattering prieſts have inveſted him, "he would doubtleſs be inclined, and enabled to baniſh "thoſe evils which render the world a dungeon of diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it "no longer!"

At that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which Deſpair had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom; when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, crowned with amaranth, and waving a branch of palm in his right hand, arreſted the arm of the trembling and aſtoniſhed caliph, and ſaid with a majeſtic ſmile, "follow "me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence," ſaid the awful conductor; "I "am Caloc, the angel of peace; look from hence into "the valley."

Bozaldab opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale, meagre, and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries, nor a ſingle ſpring in this forlorn deſert; and begging the protection of Heaven againſt the tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed thelaſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept, feeble and trembling, to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

"Inhabitant of heaven," cried Bozaldab, "ſuffer "not this wretch to periſh by the fury of wild beaſts." "Peace," ſaid the angel, "and obſerve."

He looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to tranſport him to his native country, if he would reward him with half the jewels in his caſket? No ſooner had this pitileſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with his crew, and they agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will heaven permit ſuch injuſtice to be practiſed," "exclaimed Bozaldab?---"Look again, ſaid the angel, "and behold the very ſhip in which, ſhort-ſighted as "thou art, thou wiſhedſt the merchant might embark, "daſhed in pieces on a rock: doſt thou not hear the "cries of the ſinking ſailors? Preſume not to direct "the Governor of the univerſe in his diſpoſal of events. "The man whom thou haſt pitied ſhall be taken from "this dreary ſolitude, but not by the method thou "wouldſt preſcribe. His vice was avarice, by which "he became not only abominable, but wretched; he "fancied ſome mighty charm in wealth, which, like the

" the wand of Abdiel, would gratify every wiſh and " obviate every fear. This wealth he has now been " taught not only to deſpiſe but abhor: he caſt his " jewels upon the ſand, and confeſſed them to be uſe- " leſs; he offered part of them to the mariner, and per- " ceived them to be pernicious: he has now learnt, that " they are rendered uſeful or vain, good or evil, only " by the ſituation and temper of the poſſeſſor. Happy " is he whom diſtreſs has taught wiſdom! But turn " thine eyes to another and more intereſting ſcene."

The caliph inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the ſtatues of his anceſtors wrought in jaſper; the ivory doors of which, turning on hinges of the gold of Golconda, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſurrounded with the rajas of fifty nations, and with ambaſſadors of various habits, and different complexions; on which ſat Aboram, the much-lamented ſon of Bozaldab, and by his ſide a princeſs fairer than a Houri.

" Gracious Alla!---it is my ſon," cried the Caliph--- " O, let me hold him to my heart!" " Thou canſt not " graſp an unſubſtantial viſion," replied the Angel: " I am now ſhewing thee what would have been the deſ- " tiny of thy ſon, had he continued longer on the " earth." " And why," returned Bozaldab, " was " he not permitted to continue? Why was not I ſuffer- " ed to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity and power?" " Conſider the ſequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. Bozaldab looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon, on which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity and the vivid bluſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs: it was again animated with diſdain, it became pale with apprehenſion, and appeared to be withered by intemperance; his hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp, changed ſuddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite ſultana, who before was ſeat-

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ed by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled Aboram to drink, and afterwards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

"Happy," ſaid Caloc, "is he whom Providence has "by the angel of death ſnatched from guilt! from whom "that power is with-held, which, if he had poſſeſſed, "would have accumulated upon himſelf yet greater mi- "ſery than it could bring upon others."

"It is enough," cried Bozaldab; "I adore the in- "ſcrutable ſchemes of Omniſcience!---From what "dreadful evil has my ſon been reſcued by a death, "which I raſhly bewailed as unfortunate and prema- "ture; a death of innocence and peace, which has "bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſmitted his "ſoul above the ſkies!"

"Caſt away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſ- ſenger, "which thou waſt preparing to plunge into "thine own heart. Exchange complaint for ſilence, "and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, "without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt abyſs "of Eternal Wiſdom? Can a mind that ſees not infi- "nitely, perfectly comprehend any thing among an in- "finity of objects mutually relative? Can the channels, "which thou haſt cut to receive the annual inundations "of the Nile, contain the water of the Ocean? Re- "member, that perfect happineſs cannot be conferred "on a creature; for perfect happineſs is an attribute as "incommunicable as perfect power and eternity."

The angel, while he was ſpeaking thus, ſtretched out his pinions to fly back to the Empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the ruſhing of a cataract.

TUESDAY,

No. LXXVII. TUESDAY, JULY 31.

——Peccare docentes
Fallax historia monet. Hor.

To tint th' attentive mind she tries
With tales of exemplary vice.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

I SHALL make no apology for the trouble I am about to give you, since I am sure the motives that induce me to give it, will have as much weight with you as with me: I shall therefore, without farther preface, relate to you the events of a life, which, however insignificant and unentertaining, affords a lesson of the highest importance; a lesson, the value of which I have experienced, and may, therefore, recommend.

I am the daughter of a gentleman of good family, who, as he was a younger brother, purchased with the portion that was allotted him, a genteel post under government. My mother died when I was but twelve years old; and my father, who was excessively fond of me, determined to be himself my preceptor, and to take care that my natural genius, which his partiality made him think above the common rank, should not want the improvements of a liberal education.

He was a man of sense, with a tolerable share of learning. In his youth he had been a free-liver, and perhaps for that reason took some pains to become what is called a free-thinker. But whatever fashionable frailties he might formerly have allowed in himself, he was now in advanced life, and had at least worldly wisdom enough to know, that his daughter should be restrained from those liberties, which he had looked upon as trifling errors in his own conduct. He, therefore, laboured with great application to inculcate in me the love of order, the beauty of moral rectitude, and the happiness and self-reward

ward of virtue; but at the ſame time profeſſed it his deſign to free my mind from vulgar prejudices and ſuperſtition, for ſo he called Revealed Religion. As I was urged to chuſe virtue, and reject vice, from motives which had no neceſſary connexion with immortality, I was not led to conſider a future ſtate either with hope or fear: my father indeed, when I urged him upon the ſubject, always intimated that the doctrine of immortality, whether true or falſe, ought not at all to influence my conduct or interrupt my peace; becauſe the virtue which ſecured happineſs in the preſent ſtate, would alſo ſecure it in a future: a future ſtate, therefore, I wholly diſregarded, and, to confeſs a truth, diſbelieved: for I thought I could plainly diſcover that it was diſbelieved by my father, though he had not thought fit explicitly to declare his ſentiments. As I had no very tumultuous paſſions, a ductile and good diſpoſition, and the higheſt reverence for his underſtanding, as well as the tendereſt affection for him, he found it an eaſy taſk to make me adopt every ſentiment and opinion which he propoſed to me as his own; eſpecially, as he took care to ſupport his principles by the authority and arguments of the beſt writers againſt chriſtianity. At the age of twenty I was called upon to make uſe of all the philoſophy I had been taught, by his death; which not only deprived me of a parent I moſt ardently loved, but with him all the eaſe and affluence to which I had been accuſtomed. His income was only for life, and he had rather lived beyond than within it; conſequently, there was nothing left for me but the pride and helpleſſneſs of genteel life, a taſte for every thing elegant, and a delicacy and ſenſibility that has doubled all my ſufferings. In this diſtreſs a brother of my mother's, who was grown rich in trade, received me into his houſe, and declared he would take the ſame care of me as if I had been his own child. When the firſt tranſports of my grief were abated, I found myſelf in an eaſy ſituation, and from the natural cheerfulneſs of my temper, I was beginning once more to taſte of happineſs. My uncle, who was a man of narrow underſtanding and illiberal education, was a lit-

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tle diſguſted with me for employing ſo much of my time in reading; but ſtill more ſo, when, happening to examine my books, he found by the titles that ſome of them were what he called blaſphemy, and tended as he imagined, to make me an atheiſt. I endeavoured to explain my principles, which I thought beneath the dignity of virtue to diſguiſe or diſavow; but as I never could make him conceive any difference between a deiſt and an atheiſt, my arguments only ſerved to confirm him in the opinion that I was a wicked wretch, who, in his own phraſe, believed neither God nor devil. As he was really a good man, and heartily zealous for the eſtabliſhed faith, though more from habit and prejudice than reaſon, my errors gave him great affliction: I perceived it with the utmoſt concern; I perceived too, that he looked upon me with a degree of abhorrence mixed with pity, and that I was wholly indebted to his good-nature for that protection which I had flattered myſelf I ſhould owe to his love. I comforted myſelf, however, with my own integrity, and even felt a conſcious pride in ſuffering this perſecution from ignorance and folly, only becauſe I was ſuperior to vulgar errors and popular ſuperſtition; and that chriſtianity deſerved theſe appellations, I was not more convinced by my father's arguments than my uncle's conduct, who, as his zeal was not according to knowledge, was by no means qualified to "adorn the doctrine which he profeſſed to believe."

I had lived a few months under the painful ſenſibility of receiving continual benefits from a perſon whoſe eſteem and affection I had loſt, when my uncle one day came into my chamber, and after preparing me for ſome unexpected good fortune, told me, he had juſt had a propoſal of marriage for me from a man to whom I could not poſſibly have any objection. He then named a merchant, with whom I had often been in company at his table. As the man was neither old nor ugly, had a large fortune and a fair character, my uncle thought himſelf ſufficiently authoriſed to pronounce as he did, that I could not poſſibly have any objection to him. An objection, however, I had, which I told my uncle was to

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me insuperable; it was, that the person whom he proposed to me as the companion, the guide and director of my whole life, to whom I was to vow not only obedience but love, had nothing in him that could ever engage my affection: his understanding was low, his sentiments mean and indelicate, and his manner unpolite and unpleasing.——"What stuff is all this," interrupted my uncle, "sentiments indelicate! unpolite! his understanding, forsooth, not equal to your own! Ah, child, if you had less romance, conceit and arrogance, and more true discretion and prudence, it would do you more good than all the fine books you have confounded your poor head with, and what is worse, perhaps, ruined your poor soul. I own it went a little against my conscience to accept my honest friend's kind offer, and give him such a pagan for a wife?---As to your flighty objections, they are such nonsense, that I wonder you can suppose me fool enough to be deceived by them. No, child; wise as you are, you cannot impose upon a man who has lived as many years in the world as I have. I see your motive; you have some infidel libertine rake in your eye, with whom you would go headlong to perdition. But I shall take care to have your soul to answer for as well as your person. Either I shall dispose of you to an honest man that may convert you, or you shall dispose of yourself how you please for me; for I disclaim all farther care or trouble about you: so I leave you to consider, whether or no the kindness I have shewn you, entitles me to some little influence over you, and whether you chuse to seek protection where you can find it, or accept of the happy lot providence has cut out for you."

He left me at the close of this fine harangue, and I seriously set myself to consider as he bade me, which of the two states he had set before me I ought to chuse; to submit to a legal sort of prostitution, with the additional weight of perjury on my conscience, or to expose myself to all the distress of friendless poverty, and unprotected youth. After some hours of deliberation, I determined

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on the latter, and that more from principle than inclination; for though my delicacy would have ſuffered extremely in accepting a huſband, at leaſt indifferent to me; yet as my heart was perfectly diſengaged, and my temper naturally eaſy, I thought I could have been leſs unhappy in following my uncle's advice, than I might probably be by rejecting it: but then I muſt have ſubmitted to an action I could not think juſtifiable, in order to avoid mere external diſtreſſes. This would not have been philoſophical. I had always been taught, that virtue was of itſelf ſufficient to happineſs; and that thoſe things which are generally eſteemed evils, could have no power to diſturb the felicity of a mind governed by the eternal rule of right, and truly enamoured of the charms of moral beauty. I reſolved, therefore, to run all riſques, rather than depart from this glorious principle; I felt myſelf raiſed by the trial, and exulted in the opportunity of ſhewing my contempt of the ſmiles or frowns of fortune, and of proving the power of virtue to ſuſtain the ſoul under all accidental circumſtances of diſtreſs.

I communicated my reſolution to my uncle, aſſuring him at the ſame time of my everlaſting gratitude and reſpect, and that nothing ſhould have induced me to offend or diſobey him, but his requiring me to do what my reaſon and conſcience diſapproved; that ſuppoſing the advantages of riches to be really as great as he believed, yet ſtill thoſe of virtue were greater, and I could not reſolve to purchaſe the one by a violation of the other; that a falſe vow was certainly criminal; and that it would be doing an act of the higheſt injuſtice, to enter into ſo ſolemn an engagement without the power of fulfilling it; that my affections did not depend on my own will; and that no man ſhould poſſeſs my perſon, who could not obtain the firſt place in my heart.

I was ſurpriſed that my uncle's impatience had permitted me to go on thus far; but looking in his face, I perceived that paſſion had kept him ſilent. At length the gathering ſtorm burſt over my head in a torrent of reproaches. My reaſons were condemned as romantic abſurdities,

ſurdities, which I could not myſelf believe; I was accuſed of deſigning to deceive, and to throw myſelf away on ſome worthleſs fellow, whoſe principles were as bad as my own. It was in vain for me to aſſert that I had no ſuch deſign, nor any inclination to marry at all; my uncle could ſooner have believed the groſſeſt contradiction, than that a young woman could ſo ſtrenuouſly refuſe one man without being prepoſſeſſed in favour of another. As I thought myſelf injured by his accuſations and tyranny, I gave over the attempt to mitigate his anger. He appealed to Heaven for the juſtice of his reſentment, and againſt my ingratitude and rebellion; and then giving me a note of fifty pounds, which he ſaid would keep me from immediate indigence, he bade me leave his houſe, and ſee his face no more. I bowed in ſign of obedience; and collecting all my dignity and reſolution, I aroſe, thanked him for his paſt benefits, and with a low curt'ſy left the room.

In leſs than an hour I departed with my little wardrobe to the houſe of a perſon who had formerly been my father's ſervant, and who now kept a ſhop and let lodgings. From thence I went the next day to viſit my father's nephew, who was in poſſeſſion of the family eſtate, and had lately married a lady of great fortune. He was a young gentleman of good parts, his principles the ſame as my father's, though his practice had not been quite agreeable to the ſtrict rules of morality: however, letting aſide a few of thoſe vices which are looked upon as genteel accompliſhments in young fellows of fortune, I thought him a good ſort of man; and as we had always lived in great kindneſs, I doubted not I ſhould find him my friend, and meet with approbation and encouragement at leaſt, if not aſſiſtance from him. I told him my ſtory, and the reaſons that had determined me to the refuſal that had incurred my uncle's diſpleaſure. But how was I diſappointed, when, inſtead of the applauſe I expected for my heroic virtue and unmerited perſecutions, I perceived a ſmile of contempt on his face, when he interrupted me in the following manner: "And what, in the devil's name, my dear couſin, could

" could make a woman of your ſenſe, behave ſo like an
" idiot: what! forfeit all your hopes from your uncle,
" refuſe an excellent match, and reduce yourſelf to beg-
" gary, becauſe truly you were not in love? Surely,
" one might have expected better from you even at fifteen.
" Who is it pray that marries the perſon of their
" choice? For my own part, who have rather a better
" title to pleaſe myſelf with a good fifteen hundred
" a-year, than you who have not a ſhilling, I found it
" would not do, and that there was ſomething more to
" be ſought after in a wife than a pretty face or a geni-
" us? Do you think I cared three farthings for the wo-
" man I married? No, faith. But her thirty thouſand
" pounds were worth having; with that I can purchaſe
" a ſeraglio of beauties, and indulge my taſte in eve-
" ry kind of pleaſure. And pray what is it to me,
" whether my wife has beauty, or wit, or elegance,
" when her money will ſupply me with all that in
" other's? You, couſin, had an opportunity of being
" as happy as I am: the men, believe me, would not
" like you a bit the worſe for being married; on the
" contrary, you would find, that for one who took
" notice of you as a ſingle woman, twenty would be
" your admirers and humble ſervants when there was
" no danger of being taken in. Thus you might have
" gratified all your paſſions, made an elegant figure in
" life, and have choſen out ſome gentle ſwain as ro-
" mantic and poetical as you pleaſed for your ceciſbee.
" The good John Trot huſband would have been eaſily
" managed, and———" Here my indignation could
" be retained no longer, and I was leaving the room in
" diſdain, when he caught me by the hand——" Nay,
" prithee, my dear couſin, none of theſe violent airs,
" I thought you and I had known one another better.
" Let the poor ſouls, who are taught by the prieſts
" and their nurſes to be afraid of hell fire, and
" to think they ſhall go to the devil for following
" nature and making life agreeable, be as outra-
" geouſly virtuous as they pleaſe: you have too much
" ſenſe to be frighted at bugbears; you know that the

" term of your exiſtence is but ſhort; and it is highly " reaſonable to make it as pleaſant as poſſible." I was too angry to attempt confuting his arguments; but burſting from his hold, told him I would take care not to give him a ſecond opportunity of inſulting my diſtreſs, and affronting my underſtanding; and ſo left his houſe with a reſolution never to enter it again.

Y

No. LXXVIII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 4.

——Propter vitam vivendi perdere cauſas.

Juv.

Nor quit for life, what gives to life its worth.

I WENT home mortified and diſappointed. My ſpirits ſunk into dejection, which took from me for many days all inclination to ſtir out of my lodging, or to ſee a human face. At length I reſolved to try, whether indigence and friendſhip were really incompatible, and whether I ſhould meet with the ſame treatment from a female friend, whoſe affection had been the principal pleaſure of my youth. Surely, thought I, the gentle Amanda, whoſe heart ſeems capable of every tender and generous ſentiment, will do juſtice to the innocence and integrity of her unfortunate friend; her tenderneſs will encourage my virtue and animate my fortitude, her praiſes and endearments will compenſate all my hardſhips. Amanda was a ſingle woman of a moderate independent fortune, which I heard ſhe was going to beſtow on a young officer, who had little or nothing beſides his commiſſion. I had no doubt of her approbation of my refuſing a mercenary match, ſince ſhe herſelf had choſen from motives ſo oppoſite to thoſe which are called prudent. She had been in the country ſome months, ſo that my misfortunes had not reached her ear till I myſelf related them to her. She heard me with great attention, and anſwered me with politeneſs enough, but with a coldneſs that chilled my very heart. " You

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" are ſenſible, my dear Fidelia," ſaid ſhe, " that I " never ſet my underſtanding in competition with yours. " I know my own inferiority; and though many of " your notions and opinions appeared to me very ſtrange " and particular, I never attempted to diſpute them " with you. To be ſure you know beſt; but it ſeems " to me a very odd conduct for one in your ſituation to " give offence to ſo good an uncle; firſt by maintaining " doctrines which may be very true for ought I know, " but which are very contrary to the received opinions " we are brought up in, and therefore are apt to ſhoc " a common underſtanding; and ſecondly, to renounc " his protection, and throw yourſelf into the wid " world, rather than marry the man he choſe for you " to whom, after all, I do not find you had any real " objection, nor any antipathy for his perſon." —— Antipathy, my dear! ſaid I; are there not many degrees between loving and honouring a man preferably to all others, and beholding him with abhorrence and averſion? The firſt is, in my opinion, the duty of a wife, a duty voluntarily taken upon herſelf, and engaged in under the moſt ſolemn contract. As to the difficulties that may attend my friendleſs, unprovided ſtate, ſince they are the conſequences of a virtuous action, they cannot really be evils, nor can they diſturb that happineſs which is the gift of virtue. " I am heartily glad," anſwered ſhe, " that you have found the art of making " yourſelf happy by the force of imagination? I wiſh " your enthuſiaſm may continue; and that you may " ſtill be further convinced, by your own experience, of " the folly of mankind, in ſuppoſing poverty and " diſgrace to be evils."

I was cut to the ſoul by the unkind manner which accompanied this ſarcaſm, and was going to remonſtrate againſt her unfriendly treatment, when her lover came in with another gentleman, who in ſpite of my full heart, engaged my attention, and for a while made me forget the ſtings of unkindneſs. The beauty and gracefulneſs of his perſon caught my eye, and the politeneſs of his addreſs and the elegance of his compliments

ſoon prejudiced me in favour of his underſtanding. He was introduced by the Captain to Amanda as his moſt intimate friend, and ſeemed deſirous to give credit to his friend's judgment by making himſelf as agreeable as poſſible. He ſucceeded ſo well, that Amanda was wholly engroſſed by the pleaſure of his converſation, and the care of entertaining her lover and her new gueſt; her face brightened, and her good humour returned. When I aroſe to leave her, ſhe preſſed me ſo earneſtly to ſtay dinner, that I could not, without diſcovering how much I reſented her behaviour, refuſe. This, however, I ſhould probably have done, as I was naturally diſpoſed to ſhew every ſentiment of my heart, had not a ſecret wiſh aroſe there to know a little more of this agreeable ſtranger. This inclined me to think it prudent to conceal my reſentment, and to accept the civilities of Amanda. The converſation grew more and more pleaſing; I took my ſhare in it, and had more than my ſhare of the charming ſtranger's notice and attention. As we all grew more and more unreſerved, Amanda dropt hints in the courſe of the converſation relating to my ſtory, my ſentiments, and unhappy ſituation. Sir George Freelove, for that was the young gentleman's name, liſtened greedily to all that was ſaid of me, and ſeemed to eye me with an earneſt curioſity as well as admiration. We did not part till it was late, and Sir George inſiſted on attending me to my lodgings; I ſtrongly refuſed it, not without a ſenſation which more properly belonged to the female than the philoſopher, and which I condemned in myſelf as ariſing from diſhoneſt pride. I could not without pain ſuffer the polite Sir George, upon ſo ſhort an acquaintance, to diſcover the meanneſs of my abode. To avoid this, I ſent for a chair; but was confuſed to find, that Sir George and his ſervants prepared to attend it on foot by way of guard; it was in vain to diſpute; he himſelf walked before, and his ſervants followed it. I was covered with bluſhes, when, after all this parade, he handed me in at the little ſhop door, and took leave with as profound reſpect as if he had guarded me into a palace. A thouſand different thoughts kept me

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from closing my eyes that night. The behaviour of Amanda wounded me to the soul: I found I must look on her as no more than a common acquaintance; and that the world did not contain one person whom I could call my friend. My heart felt desolate and forlorn; I knew not what course to take for my future subsistence; the pain which my pride had just given me, convinced me that I was far from having conquered the passions of humanity, and that I should feel too sensibly all the mortifications which attend on poverty. I determined, however, to subdue this pride, and called to my assistance the examples of ancient sages and philosophers, who despised riches and honours, and felt no inconveniences from the malice of fortune. I had almost reasoned myself into a contempt for the world, and fancied myself superior to its smiles or frowns; when the idea of Sir George Freelove rushed upon my mind, and destroyed at once the whole force of my reasoning. I found that however I might disregard the rest of the world, I could not be indifferent to his opinion; and the thought of being despised by him was insupportable. I recollected that my condition was extremely different from that of an old philosopher, whose rags perhaps were the means of gratifying his pride, by attracting the notice and respect of mankind: At least, the philosopher's schemes and wishes were very different from those which at that time were taking possession of my heart. The looks and behaviour of Sir George left me no doubt that I had made as deep an impression in his favour, as he had done in mine. I could not bear to lose the ground I had gained, and to throw myself into a state below his notice. I scorned the thoughts of imposing on him with regard to my circumstances, in case he should really have had favourable intentions for me; yet to disgrace myself for ever in his eye, by submitting to servitude, or any low way of supporting myself, was what I could not bring myself to resolve on.

In the midst of these reflections I was surprised the next morning by a visit from Sir George. He made respectful apologies for the liberty he took; told me he had

had learned from my friend, that the unkindneſs and tyranny of an uncle had caſt me into uneaſy circumſtances; and that he could not know, that ſo much beauty and merit were ſo unworthily treated by fortune, without earneſtly wiſhing to be the inſtrument of doing me more juſtice. He entreated me to add dignity and value to his life, by making it conducive to the happineſs of mine; and was going on with the moſt fervent offers of ſervice, when I interrupted him by ſaying, that there was nothing in his power that I could with honour accept, by which my life could be made happier, but that reſpect which was due to me as a woman and a gentlewoman, and which ought to have prevented ſuch offers of ſervice from a ſtranger, as could only be juſtified by a long experienced friendſhip; that I was not in a ſituation to receive viſits, and muſt decline his acquaintance, which nevertheleſs in a happier part of my life would have given me pleaſure.

He now had recourſe to all the arts of his ſex, imputing his too great freedom to the force of his paſſion, proteſting the moſt inviolable reſpect, and imploring on his knees, and even with tears, that I would not puniſh him ſo ſeverely as to deny him the liberty of ſeeing me, and making himſelf more and more worthy of my eſteem. My weak heart was but too much touched by his artifices, and I had only juſt fortitude enough to perſevere in refuſing his viſits, and to inſiſt on his leaving me, which at laſt he did; but it was after ſuch a profuſion of tenderneſs, prayers, and proteſtations, that it was ſome time before I could recal my reaſon enough to reflect on the whole of his behaviour, and on my own ſituation, which compared, left me but little doubt of his diſhonourable views.

I determined never more to admit him to my preſence, and accordingly gave orders to be denied if he came again. My reaſon applauded, but my heart reproached me, and heavily repined at the rigid determination of prudence. I knew that I acted rightly, and I expected that that conſciouſneſs would make me happy, but I found it otherwiſe; I was wretched beyond what I had ever

ever felt or formed any idea of; I diſcovered that my heart was entangled in a paſſion which muſt for ever be combated, or indulged at the expence of virtue. I now conſidered riches as truly deſirable, ſince they would have placed me above diſgraceful attempts, and given me reaſonable hopes of becoming the wife of Sir George Freelove. I was diſcontented and unhappy, but ſurpriſed and diſappointed to find myſelf ſo, ſince hitherto I had no one criminal action to reproach myſelf with; on the contrary, my difficulties were all owing to my regard for virtue.

I reſolved, however, to try ſtill farther the power of virtue to confer happineſs, to go on in my obedience to her laws, and patiently wait the good effects of it. But I had ſtronger difficulties to go through than any I had yet experienced. Sir George was too much practiſed in the arts of ſeduction, to be diſcouraged by a firſt repulſe: every day produced either ſome new attempt to ſee me, or a letter full of the moſt paſſionate proteſtations and entreaties for pardon and favour. It was in vain I gave orders that no more letters ſhould be taken in from him; he had ſo many different contrivances to convey them, and directed them in hands ſo unlike, that I was ſurpriſed into reading them contrary to my real intentions. Every time I ſtirred out he was ſure to be in my way, and to employ the moſt artful tongue that ever enamared the heart of woman, in blinding my reaſon and awakening my paſſions.

My virtue, however, did not yet give way, but my peace of mind was utterly deſtroyed. Whenever I was with him, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and conſtantly repeated my commands that he ſhould avoid me. His diſobedience called for my reſentment, and, in ſpite of my melting heart, I armed my eyes with anger, and treated him with as much diſdain as I thought his unworthy deſigns deſerved. But the moment he left me, all my reſolution forſook me. I repined at my fate: I even murmured againſt the Sovereign Ruler of all things, for making me ſubject to paſſions I could not ſubdue, yet muſt not indulge: I compared my own ſituation

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with that of my libertine couſin, whoſe pernicious arguments I had heard with horror and deteſtation, who gave the reins to every deſire, whoſe houſe was the ſeat of plenty, mirth, and delight, whoſe face was ever covered with ſmiles, and whoſe heart ſeemed free from ſorrow and care. Is not this man, ſaid I, happier than I am? and if ſo, where is the worth of virtue? Have I not ſacrificed to her my fortune and my friends? Do I not daily ſacrifice to her my darling inclination? Yet what is the compenſation ſhe offers me? What are my proſpects in this world but poverty, mortification, diſappointment and grief? Every wiſh of my heart denied, every paſſion of humanity combated and hurt, though never conquered! Are theſe the bleſſings with which Heaven diſtinguiſhes its favourites? Can the King of heaven want power or will to diſtinguiſh them? Or does he leave his wretched creatures to the ſport of chance, the prey of wickedneſs and malice? Surely, no. Yet is not the condition of the virtuous often more miſerable than that of the vicious? I myſelf have experienced that it is. I am very unhappy, and ſee no likelihood of my being otherwiſe in this world——and all beyond the grave is eternal darkneſs. Yet why do I ſay, that I have no proſpect of happineſs? does not the moſt engaging of men offer me all the joys that love and fortune can beſtow? Will not he protect me from every inſult of the proud world that ſcoffs at indigence? Will not his liberal hand pour forth the means of every pleaſure, even of that higheſt and trueſt of all pleaſures, the power of relieving the ſufferings of my fellow-creatures, of changing the tears of diſtreſs into tears of joy and gratitude, of communicating my own happineſs to all around me? Is not this a ſtate far preferable to that in which virtue has placed me? But what is virtue? Is not happineſs the laudable purſuit of reaſon? Is it not then laudable to purſue it by the moſt probable means? Have I not been accuſing Providence of unkindneſs, whilſt I myſelf only am in fault for rejecting its offered favours? Surely, I have miſtaken the path of virtue: it muſt be that which leads to happineſs. The path which I am

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in, is full of thorns and briars, and terminates in impenetrable darkneſs; but I ſee another that is ſtrewed with flowers, and bright with the ſunſhine of proſperity; this, ſurely, is the path of virtue, and the road to happineſs. Hither then let me turn my weary ſteps, nor let vain and idle prejudices fright me from felicity. It is ſurely impoſſible that I ſhould offend God, by yielding to a temptation which he has given me no motive to reſiſt. He has allotted me a ſhort and precarious exiſtence, and has placed before me good and evil.---What is good but pleaſure? What is evil but pain? Reaſon and nature direct me to chuſe the firſt, and avoid the laſt. I ſought for happineſs in what is called virtue, but I found it not: ſhall I not try the other experiment, ſince I think I can hardly be more unhappy by following inclination, than I am by denying it?

Thus had my frail thoughts wandered into a wilderneſs of error, and thus had I almoſt reaſoned myſelf out of every principle of morality, by purſuing through all their conſequences the doctrines which had been taught me as rules of life and preſcriptions for felicity, the taliſmans of truth, by whch I ſhould be ſecured in the ſtorms of adverſity, and liſten without danger to the Syrens of temptation; when in the fatal hour of my preſumption, ſitting alone in my chamber, collecting arguments on the ſide of paſſion, almoſt diſtracted with doubts, and plunging deeper and deeper into falſehood, I ſaw Sir George Freelove at my feet, who had gained admittance, contrary to my orders, by corrupting my landlady. It is not neceſſary to deſcribe to you his arts, or the weak efforts of that virtue which had been graciouſly implanted in my heart, but which I had taken impious means to undermine by falſe reaſoning, and which now tottered from the foundation: ſuffice it that I ſubmitted to the humiliation I ſo well deſerved, and tell you, that, in all the pride of human reaſon, I dared to condemn, as the effect of weakneſs and prejudice, the ſtill voice of conſcience which would yet have warned me from ruin; that my innocence, my honour, was the ſacrifice to paſſion and ſophiſtry; that my boaſted philoſophy,

ſophy, and too much flattered underſtanding, preſerved me not from the loweſt depth of infamy, which the weakeſt of my ſex with humility and religion would have avoided.

I now experienced a new kind of wretchedneſs. My vile ſeducer tried in vain to reconcile me to the ſhameful life to which he had reduced me, by loading me with finery, and laviſhing his fortune in procuring me pleaſures which I could not taſte, and pomp which ſeemed an inſult on my diſgrace. In vain did I recollect the arguments which had convinced me of the lawfulneſs of accepting offered pleaſures, and following the dictates of inclination: the light of my underſtanding was darkened, but the ſenſe of guilt was not loſt. My pride and my delicacy, if, criminal as I was, I may dare to call it ſo, ſuffered the moſt intolerable mortification and diſguſt, every time I reflected on my infamous ſituation. Every eye ſeemed to upbraid me, even that of my triumphant ſeducer. O, depth of miſery! to be conſcious of deſerving the contempt of him I loved, and for whoſe ſake I was become contemptible to myſelf.

TUESDAY,

No. LXXIX. TUESDAY, AUGUST 7.

Quisnam igitur liber? Sapiens: sibi qui imperiosus;
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores
Fortis: et in seipso totus: teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari. HOR.

Who then is free? The wise, who well maintains
An empire o'er himself: whom neither chains,
Nor want, nor death, with slavish fear inspire;
Who boldly answers to his warm desire;
Who can ambition's vainest gifts despise;
Firm in himself who on himself relies;
Polish'd and round who runs his proper course,
And breaks misfortune with superior force.

FRANCIS.

THIS was the state of my mind during a year which I passed in Sir George's house. His fondness was unabated for eight months of the time; and as I had no other object to share my attention, neither friend nor relation to call off any part of my tenderness, all the love of a heart naturally affectionate centered in him. The first dawnings of unkindness were but too visible to my watchful eyes. I had now all the torments of jealousy to endure, till a cruel certainty put an end to them. I learnt at length, that my false lover was on the brink of marriage with a lady of great fortune. I immediately resolved to leave him; but could not do it without first venting my full heart in complaints and reproaches. This provoked his rage, and drew on me insolence, which though I had deserved, I had not learnt to bear. I returned with scorn, which no longer became me, all the wages of my sin, and the trappings of my shame, and left his house in the bitterest anguish of resentment and despair.

I returned to my old lodgings; but unable to bear a scene which recalled every circumstance of my undoing,

aſhamed to look in the face of any creature who had ſeen me innocent, wretched in myſelf, and hoping from change of place ſome abatement of my miſery, I put myſelf into a poſt chaiſe at two in the morning, with orders to the driver to carry me as far from town as he could before the return of night, leaving it to him to chuſe the road.

My reaſon and my ſenſes ſeemed benumbed and ſtupified during my journey. I made no reflections on what I was about, nor formed any deſign for my future life. When night came, my conductor would have ſtopped at a large town, but I bid him go on to the next village. There I alighted at a paltry inn, and diſmiſſed my vehicle, without once conſidering what I was to do with myſelf, or why I choſe that place for my abode. To ſay truth, I could give no account of my thoughts at this time: they were all confuſed and diſtracted. A ſhort phrenzy muſt have filled up thoſe hours, of which my memory retains ſuch imperfect traces. I remember only, that without having pulled off my cloaths, I left the inn as ſoon as I ſaw the day, and wandered out of the village.

My unguided feet carried me to a rangeof willows by a river's ſide, where after having walked ſome time, the freſhneſs of the air revived my ſenſes, and awakened my reaſon. My reaſon, my memory, my anguiſh and deſpair, returned together! Every circumſtance of my paſt life was preſent to my mind; but moſt the idea of my faithleſs lover and my criminal love tortured my imagination, and rent my bleeding heart, which, in ſpite of all its guilt and all its wrongs, retained the tendereſt and moſt ardent affection for its undoer. This unguarded affection, which was the effect of a gentle and kind nature, heightened the anguiſh of reſentment, and completed my miſery. In vain did I call off my thoughts from this gloomy retroſpect, and hope to find a gleam of comfort in my future proſpects. They were ſtill more dreadful: poverty, attended by infamy and want, groaning under the cruel hand of oppreſſion and the taunts of inſolence, was before my eyes. I, who had

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once been the darling and the pride of indulgent parents, who had once been beloved, reſpected, and admired, was now the outcaſt of human nature, deſpiſed and avoided by all who had ever loved me, by all whom I had moſt loved! hateful to myſelf, belonging to no one, expoſed to wrongs and inſults from all.

I tried to find out the cauſe of this diſmal change, and how far I was myſelf the occaſion of it. My conduct with reſpect to Sir George, though I ſpontaneouſly condemned, yet, upon recollection, I thought the arguments which produced it would juſtify. But as my principles could not preſerve me from vice, neither could they ſuſtain me in adverſity: conſcience was not to be perverted by the ſophiſtry which had beclouded my reaſon. And if any, by imputing my conduct to error, ſhould acquit me of guilt, let them remember, it is yet true, that in this uttermoſt diſtreſs, I was neither ſuſtained by the conſciouſneſs of innocence, the exultation of virtue, nor the hope of reward: whether I looked backward or forward, all was confuſion and anguiſh, diſtraction and deſpair. I accuſed the Supreme Being of cruelty and injuſtice, who, though he gave me not ſufficient encouragement to reſiſt deſire, yet puniſhes me with the conſequences of indulgence. If there is a God, cried I, he muſt be either tyrannical and cruel, or regardleſs of his creatures. I will no longer endure a being which is undeſervedly miſerable either from chance or deſign, but fly to that annihilation in which all my proſpects terminate. Take back, ſaid I, lifting my eyes to heaven, the hateful gift of exiſtence, and let my duſt no more be animated to ſuffering, and exalted to miſery.

So ſaying, I ran to the brink of the river, and was going to plunge in, when the cry of ſome perſon very near me made me turn my eyes to ſee whence it came. I was accoſted by an elderly clergyman, who with looks of terror, pity and benevolence, aſked what I was about to do? At firſt I was ſullen, and refuſed to anſwer him; but by degrees the compaſſion he ſhewed, and the ten-

derneſs with which he treated me, ſoftened my heart, and gave vent to my tears.

"O! Madam," ſaid he, "theſe are gracious ſigns, and "unlike thoſe which firſt drew my attention, and made "me watch you unobſerved, fearing ſome fatal purpoſe "in your mind. What muſt be the thoughts which "could make a face like your's appear the picture of "horror! I was taking my morning walk, and have "ſeen you a conſiderable time; ſometimes ſtopping and "wringing your hands, ſometimes quickening your "pace, and ſometimes walking ſlow with your eyes fix-"ed on the ground, till you raiſed them to heaven, with "looks not of ſupplication and piety, but rather of ac-"cuſation and defiance. For pity tell me how is it "that you have quarrelled with yourſelf, with life, nay "even with Heaven? Recal your reaſon and your hope, "and let this ſeaſonable prevention of your fatal pur-"poſe be an earneſt to you of good things to come, of "God's mercy not yet alienated from you, and ſtooping "his throne to ſave your ſoul from perdition."

The tears which flowed in rivers from my eyes while he talked, gave me ſo much relief, that I found myſelf able to ſpeak, and deſirous to expreſs my gratitude for the good man's concern for me. It was ſo long ſince I had known the joys of confidence, that I felt ſurpriſing pleaſure and comfort from unburthening my heart, and telling my kind deliverer every circumſtance of my ſtory, and every thought of my diſtracted mind. He ſhuddered to hear me upbraid the Divine Providence; and ſtopping me ſhort, told me, he would lead me to one who ſhould preach patience to me whilſt ſhe gave me the example of it.

As we talked he led me to his own houſe, and there introduced me to his wife, a middle-aged woman, pale and emaciated, but of a cheerful placid countenance, who received me with the greateſt tenderneſs and humanity. She ſaw I was diſtreſſed, and her compaſſion was beforehand with my complaints. Her tears ſtood ready to accompany mine; her looks and her voice expreſſed the kindeſt concern; and her aſſiduous cares demonſtrat-

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ed that true politeneſs and hoſpitality, which is not the effect of art but of inward benevolence. While ſhe obliged me to take ſome refreſhment, her huſband gave her a ſhort account of my ſtory, and of the ſtate in which he found me. "This poor lady," ſaid he, "from the fault of her education and principles, ſees "every thing through a gloomy medium: ſhe accuſes "Providence, and hates her exiſtence for thoſe evils, "which are the common lot of all mankind in this "ſhort ſtate of trial. You, my dear, who are one of "the greateſt ſufferers I have known, are beſt qualified "to cure her of her faulty impatience; and to convince "her, by your own example, that this world is not the "place in which virtue is to find its reward. She "thinks no one ſo unhappy as herſelf; but if ſhe knew "all that you have gone through, ſhe would ſurely be "ſenſible, that if you are happier than ſhe, it is only "becauſe your principles are better."

"Indeed, my dear madam," ſaid ſhe, "that is the "only advantage I have over you; but that, indeed, "outweighs every thing elſe. It is now but ten days "ſince I followed to the grave my only ſon, the ſurvi- "vor of eight children, who were all equally the ob- "jects of my fondeſt love. My heart is no leſs tender "than your own, nor my affections leſs warm. For a "whole year before the death of my laſt darling, I "watched the fatal progreſs of his diſeaſe, and ſaw him "ſuffer the moſt amazing pains. Nor was poverty, "that dreaded evil to which you could not ſubmit, "wanting to my trials. Though my huſband is by "his profeſſion a gentleman, his income is ſo ſmall, "that I and my children have often wanted neceſſaries: "and though I had always a weakly conſtitution, I have "helped to ſupport my family by the labour of my own "hands. At this time I am conſuming, by daily tor- "tures, with a cancer which muſt ſhortly be my death. "My pains, perhaps, might be mitigated by proper "aſſiſtance, though nothing could preſerve my life; "but I have not the means to obtain that aſſiſtance."

——O, hold, interrupted I, my ſoul is ſhocked at

the enumeration of ſuch intolerable ſuffering. How is it that you ſupport them? Why do I not ſee you, in deſpair like mine, renounce your exiſtence, and put yourſelf out of the reach of torment? But above all, tell me how it is poſſible for you to preſerve, amidſt ſuch complicated miſery, that appearance of cheerfulneſs and ſerene complacency which ſhines ſo remarkably in your countenance, and animates every look and motion?

"That cheerfulneſs and complacency," anſwered the good woman, "I feel in my heart. My mind is not "only ſerene, but often experiences the higheſt emotions "of joy and exultation, that the brighteſt hopes can "give." And whence, ſaid I, do you derive this aſtoniſhing art of extracting joy from miſery, and of ſmiling amidſt all the terrors of pain, ſorrow, poverty, and death? She was ſilent a moment; then ſtepping to her cloſet, reached a Bible, which ſhe put into my hands. "See there," ſaid ſhe, "the volume in which "I learn this art. Here I am taught, that everlaſting "glory is in ſtore for all who will accept it upon "the terms which Infinite Perfection has preſcribed; "here I am promiſed conſolation, aſſiſtance and ſupport "from the Lord of Life; and here I am aſſured that my "tranſient afflictions are only meant to fit me for eternal "and unſpeakable happineſs. This happineſs is at "hand. The ſhort remainder of my life ſeems but "a point beyond which opens the glorious proſpect of "immortality. Thus encouraged, how ſhould I be de-"jected? Thus ſupported, how ſhould I ſink? With "ſuch proſpects, ſuch aſſured hopes, how can I be other-"wiſe than happy?"

While ſhe ſpoke, her eyes ſparkled, and her whole face ſeemed animated with joy. I was ſtruck with her manner, as well as her words. Every ſyllable ſhe uttered ſeemed to ſink into my ſoul, ſo that I never can forget it. I reſolved to examine a religion, which was capable of producing ſuch effects as I could not attribute either to chance or error. The good couple preſſed me with ſo much unaffected kindneſs, to make their little parſonage my aſylum till I could better diſpoſe of myſelf, that I accepted

I accepted their offer. Here, with the aſſiſtance of the clergyman, who is a plain, ſenſible, and truly pious man, I have ſtudied the Holy Scriptures, and the evidences of their authority. But after reading them with candour and attention, I found all the intrinſic arguments of their truth ſuperfluous. The excellency of their precepts, the conſiſtency of their doctrines, and the glorious motives and encouragements to virtue which they propoſe, together with the ſtriking example I had before my eyes of their ſalutary effects, left me no doubt of their divine authority.

During the time of my abode here, I have been witneſs to the more than heroic, the joyful, the triumphant death of the dear good woman. With as much ſoftneſs and tenderneſs as ever I ſaw in a female character, ſhe ſhewed more dauntleſs intrepidity than the ſterneſt philoſopher or the proudeſt hero. No torment could ſhake the conſtancy of her ſoul, or length of pain wear out the ſtrength of her patience. Death was to her an object not of horror but of hope. When I heard her pour forth her laſt breath in thankſgiving, and ſaw the ſmile of extaſy remain on her pale face when life was fled, I could not help crying out in the beautiful language I had lately learned from the ſacred writings, "O "Death! where is thy ſting? O Grave! where is thy "victory?"

I am now preparing to leave my excellent benefactor, and get my bread in a ſervice, to which he has recommended me, in a neighbouring family. A ſtate of ſervitude, to which once I could not reſolve to yield, appears no longer dreadful to me; that pride, which would have made it galling, Chriſtianity has ſubdued, though philoſophy attempted it in vain. As a penitent, I ſhould gratefully ſubmit to mortification; but as a Chriſtian, I find myſelf ſuperior to every mortification, except the ſenſe of guilt. This has humbled me to the duſt; but the full aſſurances that are given me by the Saviour of the World, of the divine pardon and favour upon ſincere repentance, have calmed my troubled ſpirit, and filled my mind with peace and joy, which the world

world can neither give nor take away. Thus, without any change for the better in my outward circumſtances, I find myſelf changed from a diſtracted, poor, deſpairing wretch, to a contented, happy, grateful being; thankful for, and pleaſed with my preſent ſtate of exiſtence, yet exulting in the hope of quitting it for endleſs glory and happineſs.

O! Sir, tell the unthinking mortals, who will not take the pains of inquiring into thoſe truths which moſt concern them, and who are led by faſhion, and the pride of human reaſon, into a contempt for the ſacred oracles of God; tell them theſe amazing effects of the power of Chriſtianity: tell them this truth which experience has taught me, that, "Though Vice is conſtantly attended "by miſery, Virtue itſelf cannot confer happineſs in this "world, except it is animated with the hopes of eternal "bliſs in the world to come.

Y I am, &c.

FIDELIA.

No. LXXX. SATURDAY, AUGUST 11.

Non deſunt craſſi quidem, qui ſtudioſos ab hujuſmodi libris deterreant, ceu poeticis, ut vocant, & ad morum integritatem officientibus. Ego vero dignos cenſeo quos & omnibus in ludis prælegant adoleſcentiæ literatores: & ſibi legant relegantque ſenes. ERASMUS.

There are not wanting perſons ſo dull and inſenſible, as to deter ſtudents from reading books of this kind, which, they ſay, are poetical, and pernicious to the purity of morals: but I am of opinion, that they are not only worthy to be read by the inſtructors of youth in their ſchools, but that the old and experienced ſhould again and again peruſe them.

GREATNESS, novelty, and beauty, are uſually and juſtly reckoned the three principal ſources of the pleaſures that ſtrike the imagination. If the Iliad be

be allowed to abound in objects that may be referred to the firſt ſpecies, yet the Odyſſey may boaſt a greater number of images that are beautiful and uncommon. The vaſt variety of ſcenes perpetually ſhifting before us, the train of unexpected events, and the many ſudden turns of fortune in this diverſified poem, muſt more deeply engage the reader, and keep his attention more alive and active, than the martial uniformity of the Iliad. The continual glare of a ſingle colour that unchangeably predominates throughout a whole piece, is apt to dazzle and diſguſt the eye of the beholder. I will not, indeed, preſume to ſay with Voltaire, that among the greateſt admirers of antiquity, there is ſcarce one to be found, who could ever read the Iliad with that eagerneſs and rapture, which a woman feels when ſhe peruſes the novel of Zayde: but will, however, venture to affirm, that the *ſpecioſa miracula* of the Odyſſey are better calculated to excite our curioſity and wonder, and to allure us forward with unextinguiſhed impatience to the cataſtrophe, than the perpetual tumult and terror that reign through the Iliad.

The boundleſs exuberance of his imagination, his unwearied ſpirit and fire, ακαματον πυρ, has enabled Homer to diverſify the deſcriptions of his battles with many circumſtances of great variety: ſometimes, by ſpecifying the different characters, ages, profeſſions, or nations of his dying heroes; ſometimes by deſcribing different kinds of wounds and deaths; and ſometimes by tender and pathetic ſtrokes, which remind the reader of the aged parent who is fondly expecting the return of his ſon juſt murdered, of the deſolate condition of the widows who will now be enſlaved, and of the children that will be daſhed againſt the ſtones. But notwithſtanding this delicate art and addreſs in the poet, the ſubject remains the ſame; and from this ſameneſs, it will, I fear, grow tedious and inſipid to impartial readers; theſe ſmall modifications and adjuncts are not ſufficiently efficacious to give the grace of novelty to repetition, and to make tautology delightful: the battles, are, indeed, nobly and variouſly painted, yet ſtill they are only

only battles. But when we accompany Ulyſſes through the manifold perils he underwent by ſea and land, and viſit with him the ſtrange nations to which the anger of Neptune has driven him, all whoſe manners and cuſtoms are deſcribed in the moſt lively and pictureſque terms; when we ſurvey the wondrous monſters he encountered and eſcaped,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin;

Antiphates his hideous feaſt devour,
Charybdis bark and Polyphemus roar. FRANCIS.

when we ſee him refuſe the charms of Calypſo, and the cup of Circe; when we deſcend with him into hell, and hear him converſe with all the glorious heroes that aſſiſted at the Trojan war; when, after ſtruggling with ten thouſand difficulties unforeſeen and almoſt unſurmountable, he is at laſt reſtored to the peaceable poſſeſſion of his kingdom and his queen; when ſuch objects as theſe are diſplayed, ſo new and ſo intereſting; when all the deſcriptions, incidents, ſcenes, and perſons, differ ſo widely from each other; then it is that poetry becomes "a perpetual feaſt of nectared ſweets," and a feaſt of ſuch an exalted nature, as to produce neither ſatiety or diſguſt.

But beſides its variety, the Odyſſey is the moſt amuſing and entertaining of all other poems, on account of the pictures it preſerves to us of ancient manners cuſtoms, laws, and politics, and of the domeſtic life of the heroic ages. The more any nation becomes poliſhed, the more the genuine feelings of nature are diſguiſed, and their manners are conſequently leſs adapted to bear a faithful deſcription. Good-breeding is founded on the diſſimulation or ſuppreſſion of ſuch ſentiments, as may probably provoke or offend thoſe with whom we converſe. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by the moderns, are not ſuited to the dignity and ſimplicity of the epic muſe. The coronation feaſt of an European monarch would not ſhine half ſo much in poetry, as the ſimple ſupper prepared for Ulyſſes

Ulyſſes at the Phæacian court; the gardens of Alcinous are much fitter for deſcription than thoſe of Verſailles: and Nauſicaa, deſcending to the river to waſh her garments, and dancing afterwards upon the banks with her fellow virgins, like Diana amidſt her nymphs,

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀριγνωτὼ πέλεται, καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι,

Tho' all are fair, ſhe ſhines above the reſt,

is a far more graceful figure, than the moſt glittering lady in the drawing-room, with a complexion plaiſtered to repair the vigils of cards, and a ſhape violated by a ſtiff brocade and an immeaſurable hoop. The compliment alſo which Ulyſſes pays to his innocent unadorned beauty, eſpecially when he compares her to a young palm-tree of Delos, contains more gallantry and elegance, than the moſt applauded ſonnet of the politeſt French marquis that ever rhymed. However indelicate I may be eſteemed, I freely confeſs I had rather ſit in the grotto of Calypſo, than in the moſt pompous ſaloon of Louis XV. The tea and the card-tables can be introduced with propriety and ſucceſs only in the mock-heroic, as they have been very happily in the Rape of the Lock; but the preſent modes of life muſt be forgotten when we attempt any thing in the ſerious or ſublime poetry; for heroiſm diſdains the luxurious refinements, the falſe delicacy and ſtate of modern ages. The primeval, I was about to ſay, patriarchal ſimplicity of manners diſplayed in the Odyſſey, is a perpetual ſource of true poetry, is inexpreſſibly pleaſing to all who are uncorrupted by the buſineſs and the vanities of life, and may therefore prove equally inſtructive and captivating to younger readers.

It ſeems to be a tenet univerſally received among common critics, as certain and indiſputable, that images and characters of peaceful and domeſtic life are not ſo difficult to be drawn, as pictures of war and fury. I own myſelf of a quite contrary opinion; and think the deſcription of Andromache parting with Hector in the Iliad, and the tender circumſtance of the child Aſtyanax

ſtarting back from his father's helmet, and clinging to the boſom of his nurſe, are as great efforts of the imagination of Homer, as the dreadful picture of Achilles fighting with the rivers, or dragging the carcaſs of Hector at his chariot-wheels: the behaviour of Hecuba, when ſhe points to the breaſt that had ſuckled her dear Hector, is as finely conceived as the moſt gallant exploits of Diomede and Ajax: the natural is as ſtrong an evidence of true genius, as the ſublime. It is in ſuch images the Odyſſey abounds: the ſuperior utility of which, as they more nearly concern and more ſtrongly affect us, need not be pointed out. Let Longinus admire the majeſty of Neptune whirling his chariot over the deep, ſurrounded by ſea monſters that gambolled before their king; the deſcription of the dog Argus, creeping to the feet of his maſter, whom he alone knew in his diſguiſe, and expiring with joy for his return, is ſo inexpreſſibly pathetic, that it equals, if not exceeds any of the magnificent and bolder images which that excellent critic hath produced in his treatiſe on the ſublime. He juſtly commends the prayer of Ajax, who when he was ſurrounded with a thick darkneſs that prevented the diſplay of his proweſs. begs of Jupiter only to remove the clouds that involved him: "and then," ſays he, "deſtroy me if thou wilt in the day light;" εν δε φαει και ολεσσον. But ſurely the reflections which Ulyſſes makes to Amphinomus, the moſt virtuous of the ſuitors, concerning the miſery and vanity of man, will be found to deſerve equal commendations, if we conſider their propriety, ſolemnity, and truth. Our hero in the diſguiſe of a beggar, had juſt been ſpurned at and ridiculed by the reſt of the riotous lovers, but is kindly relieved by Amphinomus, whoſe behaviour is finely contraſted to the brutality of his brethren. Upon which Ulyſſes ſays "Hear me, O Amphinomus! and ponder the words "I ſhall ſpeak unto thee. Of all creatures that breathe "or creep upon the earth, the moſt weak and impotentis "man. For he never thinks that evils ſhall befal him at "another ſeaſon, while the gods beſtow on him ſtrength "and happineſs. But when the immortal gods afflict him

"him with adverſity, he bears it with unwillingneſs and "repining. Such is the mind of the inhabitants of "earth, that it changes as Jupiter ſends happineſs or "miſery. I once numbered myſelf among the happy, "and elated with proſperity and pride, and relying on "my family and friends, committed many acts of in-"juſtice. But let no man be proud or unjuſt, but "receive whatever gifts the gods beſtow on him with "humility and ſilence." I choſe to tranſlate this ſententious paſſage as literally as poſſible, to preſerve the air of its venerable ſimplicity and ſtriking ſolemnity. If we recollect the ſpeaker, and the occaſion of the ſpeech, we cannot fail of being deeply affected. Can we, therefore, forbear giving our aſſent to the truth of the title which Alcidamas, according to Ariſtotle in his rhetoric, beſtows on the Odyſſey; who calls it "a "beautiful mirror of human life," καλον ανθρωπινε βιε κατοπτρον.

Homer, in the Iliad, reſembles the river Nile, when it deſcends in a cataract that deafens and aſtoniſhes the neighbouring inhabitants. In the Odyſſey, he is ſtill like the ſame Nile, when its genial inundations gently diffuſe fertility and fatneſs over the peaceful plains of Egypt.

No. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

Nil deſperandum. HOR.

Avaunt deſpair.

I HAVE ſometimes heard it diſputed in converſation, whether it be more laudable or deſirable, that a man ſhould think too highly or too meanly of himſelf: it is on all hands agreed to be beſt, that he ſhould think rightly: but ſince a fallible being will always make ſome deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly uſeleſs to enquire towards which ſide it is ſafer to decline.

The prejudices of mankind ſeem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers: he is conſidered as a modeſt and harmleſs member of ſociety, not likely to break the peace by competition to endeavour after ſuch ſplendor of reputation as may dim the luſtre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themſelves; he is no man's rival, and therefore, may be every man's friend.

The opinion which a man entertains of himſelf ought to be diſtinguiſhed, in order to an accurate diſcuſſion of this queſtion, as it relates to perſons or to things. To think highly of ourſelves in compariſon with others, to aſſume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, muſt be always invidious and offenſive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourſelves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in poſſeſſion of the ſame abilities, cannot with equal juſtice provoke cenſure.

It muſt be confeſſed, that ſelf-love may diſpoſe us to decide too haſtily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the miſtake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the diſgrace.

But he that dares to think well of himſelf, will not always prove to be miſtaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he ſhould not fully complete his deſign, he will at leaſt advance it ſo far as to leave an eaſier taſk for him that ſucceeds him; and even though he ſhould wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

But from the oppoſite error, from torpid deſpondency can come no advantage; it is the froſt of the ſoul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual ſterility. He that has no hopes of ſucceſs, will make no attempts: and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

Every man ſhould, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himſelf a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be

be exalted to a degree beyond what their poſſeſſor preſumes to believe. There is ſcarce any man but has found himſelf able, at the inſtigation of neceſſity, to do what in a ſtate of leiſure and deliberation he would have concluded impoſſible; and ſome of our ſpecies have ſignalized themſelves by ſuch atchievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preſerve, by ſome public monuments, the memory of thoſe who have ſerved their country by great exploits; there is the ſame reaſon for continuing or reviving the names of thoſe, whoſe extenſive abilities have dignified humanity. An honeſt emulation may be alike excited; and the philoſopher's curioſity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle or Bacon, as Themiſtocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

Among the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none ſeems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the Admirable Crichton; of whoſe hiſtory, whatever we may ſuppreſs as ſurpaſſing credibility, yet we ſhall, upon inconteſtible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

"Virtue," ſays Virgil, "is better accepted when it "comes in a pleaſing form:" the perſon of Crichton was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was conſiſtent with ſuch activity and ſtrength, that in fencing he would ſpring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagoniſt; and he uſed the ſword in either hand with ſuch force and dexterity, that ſcarce any one had courage to engage him.

Having ſtudied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-firſt year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that univerſity to diſpute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they ſhould be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and ſciences. On the day appointed three

thouſand auditors aſſembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty maſters appeared againſt him; and one of his antagoniſts confeſſes, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years paſſed without food or ſleep, would not be ſufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a diſputation of nine hours he was preſented by the preſident and profeſſors with a diamond and a purſe of gold, and dimiſſed with repeated acclamations.

From Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the ſame challenge, and had in the preſence of the pope and cardinals the ſame ſucceſs. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then viſited Padua, where he engaged in another public diſputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praiſe of the city and the aſſembly then preſent, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

He afterwards publiſhed another challenge, in which he declared himſelf ready to detect the errors of Ariſtotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagoniſts ſhould propoſe of a hundred different kinds of verſe.

Theſe acquiſitions of learning, however ſtupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleaſure which youth generally indulges, or by the omiſſion of any accompliſhment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practiſed in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and inſtrumental muſic, he danced with uncommon gracefulneſs, and on the day after his diſputation at Paris exhibited his ſkill in horſemanſhip before the court of France, where at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled alſo in domeſtic games of leſs dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and diſputation at Paris, he ſpent ſo much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed

fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing thoſe that would ſee this monſter of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extenſive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, compoſed by himſelf, and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is ſaid to have perſonated fifteen different characters; in all which he might ſucceed without great difficulty, ſince he had ſuch power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the ſpeaker through all his variety of tone and geſticulation.

Nor was his ſkill in arms leſs than in learning, or his courage inferior to his ſkill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous cuſtom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the moſt celebrated maſters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then reſided had killed three that appeared againſt him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when Crichton looking on his ſanguinary ſucceſs with indignation, offered to ſtake fifteen hundred piſtoles, and mount the ſtage againſt him. The duke, with ſome reluctance, conſented, and on the day fixed the combatants appeared: their weapon ſeems to have been ſingle rapier, which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceneſs, and Crichton contented himſelf calmly to ward his paſſes, and ſuffered him to exhauſt his vigour by his own fury. Crichton then became the aſſailant; and preſſed upon him with ſuch force and agility, that he thruſt him thrice through the body, and ſaw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whoſe huſbands had been killed.

The death of this worderful man I ſhould be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will enquire curiouſly after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however diſtinguiſhed from each other by nature or by fortune.

The duke of Mantua having received ſo many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his ſon Vincentio di Gonzaga, a prince of looſe manners and turbulent diſpoſition. On this occaſion it was, that he compoſed the comedy in which he exhibited ſo many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of ſhort continuance; for as he was one night rambling about the ſtreets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by ſix men maſked. Neither his courage nor ſkill in this exigence deſerted him; he oppoſed them with ſuch activity and ſpirit, that he ſoon diſperſed them, and diſarmed their leader, who throwing off his maſk, diſcovered himſelf to be the prince his pupil. Crichton falling on his knees, took his own ſword by the point, and preſented it to the prince; who immediately ſeized it, and inſtigated, as ſome ſay, by jealouſy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal reſentment, thruſt him through the heart.

Thus was the Admirable Crichton brought into that ſtate, in which he could excel the meaneſt of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory: the court of Mantua teſtified their eſteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuſe of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, repreſenting him on horſeback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.

No. LXXXII. SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

Nunc ſcio quid ſit Amor. VIRG.

Now know I what is love.

THOUGH the danger of diſappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profeſs to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few; an art by which their predominant paſſion may be gratified, and their conqueſts

conqueſts not only extended but ſecured; "The art of "being pretty."

But though my ſubject may intereſt the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend thoſe profound moraliſts, who have long ſince determined, that beauty ought rather to be deſpiſed than deſired; that, like ſtrength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of cauſes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happineſs or the diſtinction of merit.

To theſe gentlemen I ſhall remark, that beauty is among thoſe qualities, which no effort of human wit, could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wiſhed at leaſt, that beauty was in ſome degree dependent upon ſentiment and manners, that ſo high a privilege might not be poſſeſſed by the unworthy, and that human reaſon might no longer ſuffer the mortification of thoſe who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt ſurely approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I ſhall, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief, but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without ſomething more.

The fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every

countenance

countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the grows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty, by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you, that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part, but diffuſed over the whole; he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects beauty with ſentiment, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal inſenſibility or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, affectation; it will produce the grin, the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers,

ſervers, though it can deceive even theſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart, cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

The artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint, the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance; becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax: ſo that the expreſſion remains when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtle, and a ſuſpicious temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment, equally endanger the poſſeſſor; "It is," to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, "not only an ornament, but a defence:" if it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation.

tion. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object ot corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered by the moſt ſordid infidelity, and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh. When the factitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles; when the luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed to a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſolicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the Graces, but in the ſchool of Virtue; and that thoſe who wiſh to be lovely, muſt learn early to be good.

No.

No. LXXXIII. TUESDAY, AUGUST 21.

Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in diſſolutionem nodi, agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars eſt quæ requirit plurimum diligentiæ. CICERO.

The poet ought to exert his whole ſtrength and ſpirit in the ſolution of his plot; which is the principal part of the fable, and requires the utmoſt diligence and care.

OF the three only perfect epopees, which, in the compaſs of ſo many ages, human wit has been able to produce, the conduct and conſtitution of the Odyſſey ſeem to be the moſt artificial and judicious.

Ariſtotle obſerves, that there are two kinds of fables, the ſimple and the complex. A fable in tragic or epic poetry, is denominated ſimple, when the events it contains follow each other in a continued and unbroken tenor, without a recognition or diſcovery, and without a peripetie or unexpected change of fortune. A fable is called complex, when it contains both a diſcovery and a peripetie. And this great critic, whoſe knowledge of human nature was conſummate, determines, that fables of the latter ſpecies far excel thoſe of the former, becauſe they more deeply intereſt and more irreſiſtibly move the reader, by adding ſurprize and aſtoniſhment to every other paſſion which they excite.

The philoſopher, agreeably to this obſervation, prefers the Œdipus of Sophocles, and the Iphigenia in Tauris and Alceſtes of Euripides, to the Ajax, Philoctetes, and Medea of the ſame writers, and to the Prometheus of Eſchylus: becauſe theſe laſt are all uncomplicated fables; that is, the evils and misfortunes that befal the perſonages repreſented in theſe dramas, are unchangeably continued from the beginning to the end of each piece. For the ſame reaſons, the Athaliah of Racine, and the Merope's of Maffei and Voltaire, are beyond compariſon the moſt affecting ſtories that have been handled by any modern tragic writer: the diſcoveries, that Joas is the king of Iſrael, and that Egiſtus

is

is the ſon of Merope, who had juſt ordered him to be murdered, are ſo unexpected, but yet ſo probable, that they may juſtly be eſteemed very great efforts of judgment and genius, and contribute to place theſe two poems at the head of dramatic compoſitions.

The fable of the Odyſſey being complex, and containing a diſcovery and a change in the fortune of its hero, is upon this ſingle conſideration, excluſive of its other beauties, if we follow the principles of Ariſtotle, much ſuperior to the fables of the Iliad and the Æneid, which are both ſimple and unadorned with a peripetie or recognition. The naked ſtory of this poem, ſtript of all its ornaments, and of the very names of the characters, is exhibited by Ariſtotle in the following paſſage, which is almoſt literally tranſlated.

"A man is for ſeveral years abſent from his home; "Neptune continually watches and perſecutes him; his "retinue being deſtroyed, he remains alone: but "while his eſtate is waſting by the ſuitors of his wife, "and his ſon's life is plotted againſt, he himſelf ſud-"denly arrives after many ſtorms at ſea, diſcovers him-"ſelf to ſome of his friends, falls on the ſuitors, eſta-"bliſhes himſelf in ſafety, and deſtroys his enemies. "This is what is eſſential to the fable; the epiſodes "make up the reſt."

From theſe obſervations on the nature of the fable of the Odyſſey in general, we may proceed to conſider it more minutely. The two chief parts of every epic fable are its intrigue or plot, and its ſolution or unravelling. The intrigue is formed by a complication of different intereſts, which keep the mind of the reader in a pleaſing ſuſpence, and fill him with anxious wiſhes to ſee the obſtacles that oppoſe the deſigns of the hero happily removed. The ſolution conſiſts in removing theſe difficulties, in ſatisfying the curioſity of the reader by the completion of the intended action, and in leaving his mind in perfect repoſe, without expectation of any farther event. Both of theſe ſhould ariſe naturally and eaſily out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the poem itſelf, ſhould not be deduced from circumſtances foreign

foreign and extrinſical, ſhould be at the ſame time probable yet wonderful.

The anger of Neptune, who reſented the puniſhment which Ulyſſes had inflicted on his ſon Polypheme, induces him to prevent the return of the hero to Ithaca, by driving him from country to country by violent tempeſts; and from this indignation of Neptune is formed the intrigue of the Odyſſey in the firſt part of the poem; that is, in plain proſe, "what more natural and uſual "obſtacle do they encounter who take long voyages, "than the violence of winds and ſtorms?" The plot of the ſecond part of the poem is founded on circumſtances equally probable and natural; on the unavoidable effects of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return was deſpaired of, the inſolence of the ſervants, the dangers to which his wife and his ſon were expoſed, the ruin of his eſtate, and the diſorder of his kingdom.

The addreſs and art of Homer in the gradual ſolution of this plot, by the moſt probable and eaſy expedients, are equally worthy our admiration and applauſe. Ulyſſes is driven by a tempeſt to the iſland of the Phæacians, where he is generouſly and hoſpitably received. During a banquet which Alcinous the king has prepared for him, the poet moſt artfully contrives that the bard Demodocus ſhould ſing the deſtruction of Troy. At the recital of his paſt labours, and at hearing the names of his old companions, from whom he was now ſeparated, our hero could no longer contain himſelf, but burſt into tears and weeps bitterly. The curioſity of Alcinous being excited by this unaccountable ſorrow, he intreats Ulyſſes to diſcover who he is, and what he has ſuffered; which requeſt furniſhes a moſt proper and probable occaſion to the hero to relate a long ſeries of adventures in the four following books, an occaſion much more natural than that which induces Æneas to communicate his hiſtory to Dido. By this judicious conduct, Homer taught his ſucceſſors the artful manner of entering abruptly into the midſt of the action; and of making the reader acquainted with the previous circumſtances by a narrative from the hero. The Phæacians, a people

fond of ſtrange and amuſing tales, reſolved to fit out a ſhip for the diſtreſſed hero, as a reward for the entertainment he has given them. When he arrives in Ithaca, his abſence, his age, and his travels, render him totally unknown to all but his faithful dog Argus: he then puts on a diſguiſe, that he may be the better enabled to ſurpriſe, and to puniſh the rictous ſuitors, and to re-eſtabliſh the tranquility of his kingdom. The reader thinks that Ulyſſes is frequently on the point of being diſcovered, particularly when he engages in the ſhooting-match with the ſuitor, and when he enters into converſation with Penelope in the nineteenth book, and perſonates a fictitious character; but he is ſtill judiciouſly diſappointed, and the ſuſpence is kept up as long as poſſible. And at laſt when his nurſe Euriclea diſcovers him by the ſcar in his thigh, it is a circumſtance ſo ſimple and ſo natural, that notwithſtanding Ariſtotle places theſe recognitions, by ſigns and tokens, below thoſe that are effected by reaſoning, as in the Oedipus and Iphigenia; yet ought it ever to be remembered, that Homer was the original from whom this ſtriking method of unravelling a fable, by a diſcovery and a parapetie, was manifeſtly borrowed. The doubts and fears of Penelope leſt Ulyſſes was not in reality her huſband, and the tenderneſs and endearments that enſue upon her conviction that he is, render the ſurprize and ſatisfaction of the reader complete.

Upon the whole, the Odyſſey is a poem that exhibits the fineſt leſſons of morality, the moſt entertaining variety of ſcenes and events, the moſt lively and natural pictures of civil and domeſtic life, the trueſt repreſentation of the manners and cuſtoms of antiquity, and the juſteſt pattern of a ligitimate epopee: and is, therefore, peculiarly uſeful to thoſe, who are animated by the noble ambition of adorning humanity by living or by writing well.

No. LXXXIV SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

——————Tolle periculum,
Jam vaga proſiliet frænis natura remotis. HOR.

But take the danger and the ſhame away,
And vagrant nature bounds upon her prey.

FRANCIS.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IT has been obſerved, I think, by Sir William Temple, and after him by almoſt every other writer, that England affords a greater variety of characters than the reſt of the world. This is aſcribed to the liberty prevailing amongſt us, which gives every man the privilege of being wiſe or fooliſh his own way, and preſerves him from the neceſſity of hypocriſy, or the ſervility of imitation.

That the poſition itſelf is true, I am not completely ſatisfied. To be nearly acquainted with the people of different countries can happen to very few; and in life, as in every thing elſe beheld at a diſtance, there appears an even uniformity: the petty diſcriminations which diverſify the natural character, are not diſcoverable but by a cloſe inſpection; we, therefore, find them moſt at home, becauſe there we have moſt opportunities of remarking them. Much leſs am I convinced, that this peculiar diverſification, if it be real, is the conſequence of peculiar liberty; for where is the government to be found that ſuperintends individuals with ſo much vigilance, as not to leave their private conduct without reſtraint? Can it enter into a reaſonable mind to imagine that men of every other nation are not equally maſters of their own time or houſes with ourſelves, and equally at liberty to be parſimonious or profuſe, frolic or ſullen, abſtinent or luxurious? Liberty is certainly neceſſary to the full play of predominant humours; but ſuch liberty is to be found alike under the government of the many or the few, in monarchies or in commonwealths.

How readily the predominant paſſion ſnatches an interval of liberty, and how faſt it expands itſelf, when the weight of reſtraint is taken away, I had lately an opportunity to diſcover, as I took a journey into the country in a ſtage coach; which, as every journey is a kind of adventure, may be very properly related to you, though I can diſplay no ſuch extraordinary aſſembly as Cervantes has collected at Don Quixote's inn.

In a ſtage-coach the paſſengers are for the moſt part wholly unknown to one another, and without expectation of ever meeting again when their journey is at an end; one ſhould, therefore, imagine, that it was of little importance to any of them, what conjectures the reſt ſhould form concerning him. Yet ſo it is, that as all think themſelves ſecure from detection, all aſſume that character of which they are moſt deſirous, and on no occaſion is the general ambition of ſuperiority more apparently indulged.

On the day of our departure, in the twilight of the morning, I aſcended the vehicle with three men and two women, my fellow travellers. It was eaſy to obſerve the affected elevation of mien with which every one entered, and the ſupercilious civility with which they paid their compliments to each other. When the firſt ceremony was diſpatched, we ſat ſilent for a long time, all employed in collecting importance into our faces, and endeavouring to ſtrike reverence and ſubmiſſion into our companions.

It is always obſervable that ſilence propagates itſelf, and that the longer talk has been ſuſpended the more difficult it is to find any thing to ſay. We began now to wiſh for converſation; but no one ſeemed inclined to deſcend from his dignity, or firſt propoſe a topic of diſcourſe. At laſt a corpulent gentleman, who had equipped himſelf for this expedition with a ſcarlet ſurtout and a large hat with a broad lace, drew out his watch, looked on it in ſilence, and then held it dangling at his finger. This was, I ſuppoſe, underſtood by all the company as an invitation to aſk the time of the day, but nobody appeared to heed his overture; and his

deſire

deſire to be talking ſo far overcame his reſentment, that he let us know of his own accord that it was paſt five, and that in two hours we ſhould be at breakfaſt.

His condeſcenſion was thrown away; we continued all obdurate: the ladies held up their heads; I amuſed myſelf with watching their behaviour; and of the other two, one ſeemed to employ himſelf in counting the trees as we drove by them, the other drew his hat over his eyes and counterfeited a ſlumber. The man of benevolence, to ſhew that he was not depreſſed by our neglect, hummed a tune and beat time upon his ſnuff-box.

Thus univerſally diſpleaſed with one another, and not much delighted with ourſelves, we came at laſt to the little inn appointed for our repaſt; and all began at once to recompence themſelves for the conſtraint of ſilence, by innumerable queſtions and orders to the people that attended us. At laſt, what every one called for was got, or declared impoſſible to be got at that time, and we were perſuaded to ſit round the ſame table; when the gentleman in the red ſurtout looked again upon his watch, told us that we had half an hour to ſpare, but he was ſorry to ſee ſo little merriment among us; that all fellow-travellers were for the time upon the level, and that it was always his way to make himſelf one of the company. "I remember, ſays he, "it was on juſt ſuch "a morning as this, that I and my lord Mumble and "the duke of Tenderden were out upon a ramble: we "called at a little houſe as it might be this; and my "landlady, I warrant you, not ſuſpecting to whom ſhe "was talking, was ſo jocular and facetious, and made "ſo many merry anſwers to our queſtions, that we were "all ready to burſt with laughter. At laſt the good "woman happening to overhear me whiſper the duke "and call him by his title, was ſo ſurpriſed and con-"founded, that we could ſcarcely get a word from her; "and the duke never met with me from that day to "this, but he talks of the little houſe, and quarrels "with me for terrifying the landlady."

He had ſcarcely time to congratulate himſelf on the veneration which this narrative muſt have procured him

from the company, when one of the ladies having reached out for a plate on a diſtant part of the table, began to remark "the inconveniences of travelling, and the difficulty which they who never ſat at at home without a great number of attendants found in performing for themſelves ſuch offices as the road required; but that people of quality often travelled in diſguiſe, and might be generally known from the vulgar by their condeſcenſion to poor inn-keepers, and the allowance which they made for any defect in their entertainment; that for her part, while people were civil and meant well, it was never her cuſtom to find fault, for one was not to expect upon a journey all that one enjoyed at one's own houſe."

A general emulation ſeemed now to be excited. One of the men, who had hitherto ſaid nothing, called for the laſt news-paper; and having peruſed it with deep penſiveneſs, "It is impoſſible," ſays he, "for any man to gueſs how to act with regard to the ſtocks: laſt week it was the general opinion that they would fall; and I ſold out twenty thouſand pounds in order to a purchaſe: they have now riſen unexpectedly; and I make no doubt but at my return to London I ſhall riſk thirty thouſand pounds among them again."

A young man, who had hitherto diſtinguiſhed himſelf only by the vivacity of his looks, and a frequent diverſion of his eyes from one object to another, upon this cloſed his ſnuff-box, and told us, that "he had an hundred times talked with the chancellor and judges on the ſubject of the ſtocks; that for his part he did not pretend to be well acquainted with the principles on which the were eſtabliſhed, but had always heard them reckoned pernicious to trade, uncertain in their produce, and unſolid in their foundation; and that he had been adviſed by three judges, his moſt intimate friends, never to venture his money in the funds, but to put it out upon land-ſecurity, till he could light upon an eſtate in his own country.

It might be expected, that upon theſe glimpſes of latent dignity, we ſhould all have began to look round

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us with veneration; and have behaved like the princes of romance, when the enchantment that diſguiſes them is diſſolved, they diſcover the dignity of each other: yet it happened that none of theſe hints made much impreſſion on the company; every one was apparently ſuſpected of endeavouring to impoſe falſe appearances upon the reſt; all continued their haughtineſs in hopes to enforce their claims; and all grew every hour more ſullen, becauſe they found their repreſentations of themſelves without effect.

Thus we travelled on four days with malevolence perpetually increaſing, and without any endeavour but to outvie each other in ſupercilouſneſs and neglect; and when any two of us could ſeparate ourſelves for a moment, we vented our indignation at the ſaucineſs of the reſt.

At length the journey was at an end; and time and chance, that ſtrip off all diſguiſes, have diſcovered, that that the intimate of lords and dukes is a nobleman's butler, who has furniſhed a ſhop with the money he has ſaved; the man who deals ſo largely in the funds, is a clerk of a broker in 'Change-alley; the lady who ſo carefully concealed her quality, keeps a cook-ſhop behind the Exchange; and the young man, who is ſo happy in the friendſhip of the judges, engroſſes and tranſcribes for bread in a garret of the Temple. Of one of the women only I could make no diſadvantageous detection, becauſe ſhe had aſſumed no character, but accommodated herſelf to the ſcene before her, without any ſtruggle for diſtinction or ſuperiority.

I could not forbear to reflect on the folly of practiſing a fraud, which, as the event ſhewed, had been already practiſed too often to ſucceed, and by the ſucceſs of which no advantage could have been obtained; of aſſuming a character, which was to end with the day: and of claiming upon falſe pretences honours which muſt periſh with the breath that paid them.

But, Mr. Adventurer, let not thoſe who laugh at me and my companions, think this folly confined to a ſtage-coach. Every man in the journey of life takes the ſame advantage

advantage of the ignorance of his fellow-travellers, diſguiſes himſelf in counterfeited merit, and hears thoſe praiſes with complacency which his conſcience reproaches him for accepting. Every man deceives himſelf, while he thinks he is deceiving others; and forgets that the time is at hand when every illuſion ſhall ceaſe, when fictitious excellence ſhall be torn away, and all muſt be ſhown to all in their real eſtate.

T I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

VIATOR.

No. LXXXV. TUESDAY, AUGUST 28.

Qui cupit optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. HOR.

The youth, who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
All arts muſt try, and every toil ſuſtain. FRANCIS.

IT is obſerved by Bacon, that "reading makes a full "man, converſation a ready man, and writing an "exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge ſcarcely ever reached by any other man, the directions which he gives for ſtudy have certainly a juſt claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with ſo great authority, as he that has practiſed it with undiſputed ſucceſs?

Under the protection of ſo great a name, I ſhall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the neceſſity of reading, the fitneſs of conſulting other underſtandings than their own, and of conſidering the ſentiments and opinions of thoſe who, however neglected in the preſent age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, ſuch reputation for knowledge and acuteneſs, as will ſcarcely ever be attained by thoſe that deſpiſe them.

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An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated among us, that libraries are filled only with uſeleſs lumber; that men of parts ſtand in need of no aſſiſtance; and that to ſpend life in poring upon books, is only to imbibe prejudices, to obſtruct and embarraſs the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expence of judgment, and to bury reaſon under a chaos of indigeſted learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themſelves wiſe, and of ſome who are thought wiſe by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be juſtly ſuſpected of endeavouring to ſhelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wiſhing to deſtroy that reputation which they have no hopes to ſhare. It will, I believe, be found invariably true, that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to thoſe, who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reaſon has the power aſcribed to it by its advocates, if ſo much is to be diſcovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe, that ſo many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourſelves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the preſent time expect the regard of poſterity, which will then inherit the reaſon which is now thought ſuperior to inſtruction, ſurely, they may allow themſelves to be inſtructed by the reaſon of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares, that the has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predeceſſors, and ſuch a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance unpardonable in the greateſt human underſtanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raiſing prejudices againſt his own performance; for with what hopes of ſucceſs can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miſcarried? or with what peculiar force does he ſuppoſe himſelf invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible ſhould give way before him?

Of thoſe whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extreme-

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ly ſmall; and what can be added by each ſingle mind, even of this ſuperior claſs, is very little: the greateſt part of mankind muſt owe all their knowledge, and all muſt owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To underſtand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their ſyſtems, and retain their reaſonings, is a taſk more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted uſeleſs or idle, who has ſtored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occaſionally to others who have leſs leiſure or weaker abilities.

Perſius has juſtly obſerved, that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to poſſeſs it: to the ſcholar himſelf it is nothing with reſpect either to honour or advantage, for the world cannot reward thoſe qualities which were concealed from it; with reſpect to others it is nothing, becauſe it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with juſtice, therefore, that in an accompliſhed character, Horace unites juſt ſentiments with the power of expreſſing them; and he that has once accumulated learning, is next to conſider, how he ſhall moſt widely diffuſe and moſt agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by converſation. He that buries himſelf among his manuſcripts "beſprent," as Pope expreſſes it, "with learned duſt," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual reſearch and ſolitary meditation, is too apt to loſe in his elocution what he adds to his wiſdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his ſpeculations, of adapting himſelf to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of converſation will preſent; but will talk to moſt unintelligibly, and to all unpleaſantly.

I was once preſent at the lectures of a profound philoſopher, a man really ſkilled in the ſcience which he profeſſed, who having occaſion to explain the terms Opacum and Pelucidum, told us, after ſome heſitation, that Opacum was, as one might ſay, Opake, and that Pelucidum

Pelucidum ſignified Pelucid. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of ſcience; and ſo true is it, that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains, that the writers who have treated of chemiſtry before him, are uſeleſs to the greater part of ſtudents, becauſe they pre-ſuppoſe their readers to have ſuch degrees of ſkill as are not often to be found. Into the ſame error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any ſubject to themſelves in ſolitude: they diſcourſe, as if they thought every other man had been employed in the ſame enquiries; and expect that ſhort hints and obſcure illuſions will produce in others, the ſame train of ideas which they excite in themſelves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of ſtudy ſuffers from a recluſe life. When he meets with an opinion that pleaſes him, he catches it up with eagerneſs,; looks only after ſuch arguments as tend to his confirmation; or ſpares himſelf the trouble of diſcuſſion, and adopts it with very little proof: indulges it long without ſuſpicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treaſures it up among inconteſtible truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon diſſimilar principles, have been led to different concluſions, and being placed in various ſituations, view the ſame object on many ſides; he finds his darling poſition attacked, and himſelf in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the ſtate of a man who having fenced always with the ſame maſter, is perplexed and amazed by a new poſture of his antagoniſt; he is entangled in unexpected difficulties, he is haraſſed by ſudden objections, he is unprovided with ſolutions and replies, his ſurprize impedes his natural powers of reaſoning. his thoughts are ſcattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an eaſy victory.

It is difficult to imagine, with what obſtinacy truths which one mind perceives almoſt by intuition, will be rejected by another; and how many artifices muſt be practiſed

practiſed, to procure admiſſion for the moſt evident propoſitions into underſtandings frighted by their novelty, or hardened againſt them by accidental prejudice; it can ſcarcely be conceived, how frequently, in theſe extemporaneous controverſies, the dull will be ſubtile, and the acute abſurd; how often ſtupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itſelf in its own gloom; and miſtaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reaſon can ſcarcely find means to diſentangle.

In theſe encounters the learning of the recluſe uſually fails him: nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a poſition into various forms, preſenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illuſtrating it by apt ſimilitudes; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in ſolitude, muſt learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of converſation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our ſentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the uſe of ſuch as are not in themſelves ſtrictly defenſible: a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the miſtakes or ignorance of his adverſary, lays hold of conceſſions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail on his opponent, though he knows himſelf that they have no force: thus the ſeverity of reaſon is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without juſt arrangement or diſtinction; we learn to ſatisfy ourſelves with ſuch ratiocination as ſilences others; and ſeldom recal to a cloſe examination, that diſcourſe which has gratified our vanity with victory and applauſe.

Some caution, therefore, muſt be uſed, leſt copiouſneſs and facility be made leſs valuable by inaccuracy and confuſion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and ſubject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the beſt method of enabling the mind to detect its own ſophiſms, and keep it on guard againſt the fallacies

PARSONS'S EDITION OF SELECT BRITISH CLASSICS

Engraved for J. Parsons, Paternoster Row, Jan.y 11. 1794.

which it practices on others: in converſation we naturally diffuſe our thoughts, and in writing we contract them; method is the excellence of writing, and unconſtraint the grace of converſation.

To read, write, and converſe in due proportion, is, therefore, the buſineſs of a man of letters. For all theſe there is not often equal opportunity; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable; and moſt men fail in one or other of the ends propoſed, and are full without readineſs, or ready without exactneſs. Some deficiency muſt be forgiven all, becauſe all are men; and more muſt be allowed to paſs uncenſured in the greater part of the world, becauſe none can confer upon himſelf abilities, and few have the choice of ſituations proper for the improvement of thoſe which nature has beſtowed: it is, however, reaſonable, to have perfection in our eye; that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

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No. LXXXVI. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

Concubitu prohibe e vago. HOR.

The wandering wiſh of lawleſs love ſuppreſs.

FRANCIS.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

TO indulge that reſtleſs impatience, which every man feels to relate incidents by which the paſſions have been greatly affected, and communicate ideas that have been forcibly impreſſed, I have given you ſome account of my life, which, without farther apology or introduction, may, perhaps, be favourably received in an Adventurer.

My mother died when I was very young; and my father, who was a naval commander, and had, therefore, no opportunity to ſuperintend my conduct, placed me at a grammar ſchool, and afterwards removed me to the univerſity. At ſchool the number of boys was ſo great, that to regulate our morals was impoſſible; and at the univerſity even my learning contributed to the diſſoluteneſs of my manners. As I was an only child, my father had always allowed me more money than I knew how to lay out, otherwiſe than the gratification of my vices: I had ſometimes, indeed, been reſtrained by a general ſenſe of right and wrong; but I now oppoſed the remonſtrances of conſcience by the cavils of ſophiſtry; and having learned of ſome celebrated philoſophers, as well ancient as modern, to prove that nothing is good but pleaſure, I became a rake upon principle.

My father died in the ſame year with queen Anne, a few months before I became of age, and left me a very conſiderable fortune in the funds. I immediately quitted the univerſity and came to London, which I conſidered as the great mart of pleaſure; and as I could afford to deal largely, I wiſely determined not to endanger my capital. I projected a ſcheme of life that was moſt agreeable to my temper, which was rather ſedate than volatile, and regulated my expences with the œconomy of a philoſopher. I found that my favourite appetites muſt be gratified with greater convenience and leſs ſcandal, in proportion as my life was more private: inſtead, therefore, of incumbering myſelf with a family, I took the firſt floor of a houſe which was let into lodgings, hired one ſervant, and kept a brace of geldings at a livery ſtable. I conſtantly frequented the theatres, and found my principles confirmed by almoſt every piece that was repreſented, particularly my reſolution never to marry. In comedy, indeed, the action terminated in marriage; but it was generally the marriage of a rake, who gave up his liberty with reluctance, as the only expedient to recover a fortune; and the huſband and wife of the drama were wretches whoſe example juſtified this reluctance, and appeared to be exhibited for no

other purpoſe than to warn mankind, that whatever may be preſumed by thoſe whom indigence has made deſperate, to marry is to forfeit the quiet, independence and felicity of life.

In this courſe I had continued twenty years, without having impaired my conſtitution, leſſened my fortune, or incumbered myſelf with an illegitimate offspring; when a girl about eighteen, juſt arrived from the country, was hired as chambermaid by the perſon who kept the houſe in which I lodged: the native beauty of health and ſimplicity in this young creature, had ſuch an effect upon my imagination, that I practiſed every art to debauch her, and at length ſucceeded.

I found it convenient for her to continue in the houſe, and, therefore, made no propoſal of removing her into lodgings; but after a few months ſhe found herſelf with child, a diſcovery which interrupted the indolence of my ſenſuality, and made me repent my indiſcretion: however, as I would not incur my own cenſure by ingratitude or inhumanity, I provided her a lodging and attendants, and ſhe was at length delivered of a daughter. The child I regarded as a new incumbrance; for though I did not conſider myſelf as under parental or conjugal obligations, yet I could not think myſelf at liberty wholly to abandon either the mother or the infant. To the mother, indeed, I had ſtill ſome degree of inclination; though I ſhould have been heartily content never to have ſeen her again, if I could at once have been freed from any farther trouble about her; but as ſomething was to be done, I was willing to keep her within my reach, at leaſt till ſhe could be ſubſervient to my pleaſure no longer: the child, however, I would have ſent away; but ſhe intreated me to let her ſuckle it, with an importunity which I could not reſiſt. After much thinking, I placed her in a little ſhop in the ſuburbs, which I furniſhed at the expence of about twenty pounds, with chandlery ware, commodities of which ſhe had ſome knowledge, as her father was a petty ſhopkeeper in the country: ſhe reported that her huſband had been killed in an engagement at ſea, and that his

pay, which ſhe had been impowered to receive by his will, had purchaſed her ſtock. I now thought I had diſcharged every obligation, as I had enabled her to ſubſiſt, at leaſt as well as ſhe could have done by her labour in the ſtation in which I found her; and as often as I had an inclination to ſee her, I ſent for her to a bagnio.

But theſe interviews did not produce the pleaſure which I expected: her affection for me was too tender and delicate; ſhe often wept in ſpight of all her tender efforts againſt it; and could not forbear telling me ſtories of her little girl with the fond prolixity of a mother, when I wiſhed to regard her only as a miſtreſs. Theſe incidents at once touched me with compunction, and quenched the appetite which I had intended to gratify, my viſits therefore, became leſs frequent: but ſhe never ſent after me when I was abſent, nor reproached me otherwiſe than by tears of tenderneſs when ſhe ſaw me again.

After the firſt year I wholly neglected her; and having heard nothing of her during the winter, I went, to ſpend the ſummer in the country. When I returned, I was prompted rather by curioſity than deſire to make ſome inquiry after her; and ſoon learnt that ſhe had died ſome months before of the ſmall pox, that the goods had been ſeized for rent, and the child taken by the pariſh. At this account, ſo ſudden and unexpected, I was ſenſibly touched; and at firſt conceived a deſign to reſcue the child from the hands of the pariſh nurſe, and make ſome little proviſion for it when it ſhould be grown up: but this was delayed from day to day, ſuch was the ſupineneſs of my diſpoſition, till the event was remembered with leſs and leſs ſenſibility; and at length I congratulated myſelf upon my deliverance from an engagement which I had always conſidered as reſembling in ſome degree the ſhackles of matrimony. I reſolved to incur the ſame embarraſſment no more, and contented myſelf with ſtrolling from one proſtitute to another, of whom I had ſeen many generations periſh; and the new faces which I once ſought among the maſks in the pit, I found with leſs trouble at Cuper's, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and innumerable

merable other places of public entertainment, which have appeared during the laſt twenty years of my life.

A few weeks ago I celebrated my ſixtieth birth-day with ſome friends at a tavern; and as I was returning to my lodgings, I ſaw a hackney coach ſtop at the door of a houſe which I knew to be of ill repute, though it was private and of the firſt claſs. Juſt as I came up, a girl ſtepped out of it, who appeared, by the imperfect glimpſe I caught of her as ſhe paſſed, to be very young, and extremely beautiful. As I was warm with wine, I followed her in without heſitation, and was delighted to find her equally charming upon a nearer view. I detained the coach, and propoſed that we ſhould go to Haddock's: ſhe heſitated with ſome appearance of unwillingneſs and confuſion, but at length conſented: ſhe ſoon became more free, and I was not leſs pleaſed with her converſation than her perſon: I obſerved that ſhe had a ſoftneſs and modeſty in her manner, which is quickly worn off by habitual proſtitution.

We had drank a bottle of French wine, and were preparing to go to bed, when to my unſpeakable confuſion and aſtoniſhment, I diſcovered a mark by which I knew her to be my child: for I remembered, that the poor girl, whom I ſo cruelly ſeduced and neglected, had once told me with tears in her eyes, that ſhe had imprinted the two letters of my name under her little Nancy's left breaſt, which, perhaps, would be the only memorial ſhe would ever have of a father. I was inſtantly ſtruck with a ſenſe of guilt with which I had not been familiar, and, therefore, felt all its force. The poor wretch, whom I was about to hire for gratification of a brutal appetite, perceived my diſorder with ſurpriſe and concern: ſhe enquired with an officious ſolicitude, what ſudden illneſs had ſeized me; ſhe took my hand, preſſed it, and looked eagerly in my face, ſtill inquiſitive what could be done to relieve me, I remained ſome time torpid: but was ſoon rouzed by the reflection, that I was receiving the careſſes of my child, whom I had abandoned to the loweſt infamy, to be the ſlave of drunkenneſs and luſt, and whom I had led to the brink of inceſt.

I ſuddenly ſtarted up; firſt held her at a diſtance; then catching her in my arms, ſtrove to ſpeak, but burſt into tears. I ſaw that ſhe was confounded and terrified; and as ſoon as I could recover my ſpeech, I put an end to her doubts by revealing the ſecret.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the effect it had upon her: ſhe ſtood motionleſs a few minutes; then claſped her hands together, and looked up in an agony, which not to have ſeen is not to conceive. The tears at length ſtarted from her eyes; ſhe recollected herſelf, called me father, threw herſelf upon her knees, embracing mine, and plunging a new dagger in my heart, by aſking my bleſſing.

We ſat up together the remainder of the night, which I ſpent in liſtening to a ſtory that I may perhaps, hereafter communicate; and the next day I took lodgings for her about ſix miles from town. I viſit her every day with emotions to which my heart has till now been a ſtranger, and which are every day more frequent and more ſtrong. I propoſed to retire with her into ſome remote part of the country, and to atone for the paſt by the future: but, alas! of the future a few years only can remain; and of the paſt not a moment can return. What atonement can I make to thoſe, upon whoſe daughters I have contributed to perpetuate that calamity, from which by miracle I have reſcued my own! How can I bear the reflection, that though for my own child, I had hitherto expreſſed leſs kindneſs than brutes for their young; yet, perhaps, every other whom I either hired or ſeduced to proſtitution, had been gazed at in the ardor of parental affection, till tears have ſtarted to the eye; had been catched to the boſom with tranſport, in the prattling ſimplicity of infancy; had been watched in ſickneſs with anxiety that ſuſpended ſleep; had been fed by the toil of induſtrious poverty, and reared to maturity with hope and fear. What a monſter is he, by whom theſe fears are verified, and this hope deceived! And yet, ſo dreadful is the force of hibitual guilt, I ſometimes regret the reſtraint which is come upon me; I wiſh to ſink again into the ſlumber from which I have been rouzed, and to repeat

repeat the crimes which I abhor. My heart is this moment burſting for utterance: but I want words. Farewel.

AGAMUS.

No. LXXXVII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER, 4.

Iracundior eſt paulò; minùs aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum; rideri poſſit, eo quòd
Ruſticius tonſo toga deſluit, & malè laxus
In pede calceus hæret:—at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore——— HOR.

Your friend is paſſionate; perhaps unfit
For the briſk petulance of modern wit:
His hair ill cut, his robe that awkward flows,
Or his large ſhoes, to raillery expoſe
The man.———
But underneath this rough uncouth diſguiſe,
A genius of extenſive knowledge lies.

THERE are many accompliſhments, which though they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by ſmall abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourſe with men. Of this kind is that general courteſy, which is called Good Breeding; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characteriſed and recommended.

Good Breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a paſſion almoſt univerſally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preſerved from contempt by inconteſtible ſuperiority, either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In ſome inſtances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of thoſe, with whom neither virtue nor wiſdom can deſire to aſſociate: and good breeding may generally be practiſed upon more eaſy and more honourable terms, than acquieſcence in the detraction of malice

malice or the adulation of ſervility, the obſcenity of a letcher or the blaſphemy of an infidel. Diſagreeable truths may be ſuppreſſed; and when they can be ſuppreſſed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boaſt of vanity may be ſuffered without ſevere reprehenſion, and the prattle of abſurdity may be heard without expreſſions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, ſomewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however neceſſary, is obſtructed by the poſſeſſion of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, ſenſibility, and ſpirit, exalted genius, and extenſive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and cotemporary, Dante Aligheri, one of the moſt exalted and original geniuſes that ever appeared, being baniſhed his country, and having, retired to the court of a prince which was then the ſanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at firſt in great eſteem; but became daily leſs acceptable to his patron, by the ſeverity of his manners and freedom of his ſpeech. There were at the ſame court, many players and buffoons, gameſters and debauchees, one of whom, diſtinguiſhed by his impudence, ribaldry, and obſcenity, was greatly careſſed by the reſt; which the prince ſuſpecting Dante not to be pleaſed with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to Dante, and ſaid, "I wonder that "this perſon, who is by ſome deemed a fool, and by "others a madman, ſhould yet be ſo generally pleaſing, "and ſo generally beloved; when you who are cele"brated for wiſdom, are yet heard without pleaſure, and "commended without friendſhip." "You would ceaſe "to wonder," replied Dante, "if you conſidered that a "conformity of character is the ſource of friendſhip." This ſarcaſm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenneſs of wit, was intolerable; and Dante was immediately diſgraced and baniſhed.

But by this anſwer, though the indignation which produced it was founded on virtue, Dante probably gra-

tified

tified his own vanity, as much as he mortified that of others: it was the petulent reproach of reſentment and pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the ſtill voice of reaſon, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if Dante intended reformation, his anſwer was not wiſe; if he did not intend reformation, his anſwer was no good.

Great delicacy, ſenſibility, and penetration, do not leſs obſtruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Perſons thus qualified, not only diſcover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more diſguſted with the faults and failings which they diſcover: the common topics of converſation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortunes that have lately happened at a game at whiſt, the hiſtory of a ball at Tunbridge or Bath, a deſcription of lady Fanny's jewels and lady Kitty's vapours the journals of a horſe-race or a cock-match, and diſquiſitions on the game act or the ſcarcity of partridges, are ſubjects upon which men of delicate taſte do not always chuſe to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they ſhould remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reaſon and the prevalence of vanity; if they ſit ſilent and reſerved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be deſpiſed and hated by thoſe whom they hate and deſpiſe; and with better reaſon, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to anſwer with civility, ſeems to comprehend all the good breeding of converſation; and in proportion as this is eaſy, ſilence and inattention are without excuſe.

He, who does not practice good breeding, will not find himſelf conſidered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a ſpecies of ruſticity, which it is not leſs abſurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this ſpecies of ill-breeding is become almoſt proverbially the characteriſtic of a ſcholar; nor ſhould it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an abſtruſe ſcience, or who employs any of the three great faculties of the ſoul, the

the memory, the imagination, or the judgment, in the cloſe purſuit of their ſeveral objects, ſhould have ſtudied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to ſhine at a route and in the ſchools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an aſtronomer, ſhould be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought ſtrange to thoſe, who duly conſider the narrowneſs of our faculties, and the impoſſibility of attaining univerſal excellence.

Equally excuſable, for the ſame reaſons, are that abſence of mind, and that forgetfulneſs of place and perſon, to which ſcholars are ſo frequently ſubject. When Louis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled. "Yes," replied Boileau, in the preſence of madam Maintenon, "he performed to-"lerably well in the deſpicable pieces of Scarron, which "are now deſervedly forgotten even in the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has ſome peculiar temptation and propenſity to evil, let not the man of uprightneſs and honeſty be moroſe and ſurly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whoſe delicacy and penetration diſcern with diſguſt thoſe imperfections in others from which he himſelf is not free, indulge perpetual peeviſhneſs and diſcontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuſe for not condeſcending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man ſhould be well-bred, at the expence of his virtue; no man ſhould practice virtue ſo as to deter others from imitation.

Z

SATURDAY,

No. LXXXVIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

———Semperque relinqui
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam——— VIRG.

———She ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark.——— DRYDEN.

NEWTON, whoſe power of inveſtigating nature few will deny to have been ſuperior to their own, confeſſes, that he cannot account for gravity, the firſt principle of his ſyſtem, as a property communicable to matter; or conceive the phenomena ſuppoſed to be the effects of ſuch a principle, to be otherwiſe produced than by the immediate and perpetual influence of the Almighty: and, perhaps, thoſe who moſt attentively conſider the phenomena of the moral and natural world, will be moſt inclined to admit the agency of inviſible beings.

In dreams, the mind appears to be wholly paſſive; for dreams are ſo far from being the effect of a voluntary effort, that we neither know of what we ſhall dream, nor whether we ſhall dream at all.

The human mind does not, indeed, appear to have any power equal to ſuch an effect; for the ideas conceived in dreams without the intervention of ſenſible objects, are much more perfect and ſtrong than can be formed at other times by the utmoſt effort of the moſt lively imagination: and it can ſcarce be ſuppoſed, that the mind is more vigorous when we ſleep, than when we are awake; eſpecially if it be true, as I have before remarked, that, "in "ſleep the power of memory is wholly ſuſpended, and "the underſtanding is employed only about ſuch objects "as preſent themſelves, without comparing the paſt with "the preſent;" except we judge of the ſoul by a maxim which ſome deep philoſophers have held concerning horſes, that when the tail is cut off, the reſt of the members become more ſtrong.

In

In lunacy, as in dreams, ideas are conceived which material objects do not excite; and which the force of imagination, exerted by a voluntary effort cannot form: but the mind of the lunatic, beſides being impreſſed with the images of things that do not fall under the cognizance of his ſenſes, is prevented from receiving correſponding images from thoſe that do. When the viſionary monarch looks round upon his clothes which he has decorated with the ſpoils of his bed, his mind does not conceive the ideas of rags and ſtraw, but of velvet, embroidery, and gold; and when he gazes at the bounds of his cell, the image impreſſed upon his mind is not that of a naked wall which incloſes an area of ten feet ſquare; but of wainſcot and painting, and tapeſtry, the bounds of a ſpacious apartment adorned with magnificent furniture, and crouded with ſplendid dependants.

Of the lunatic it is alſo univerſally true, that his underſtanding is perverted to evils, which a mere perverſion of the underſtanding does not neceſſarily imply; he either ſits torpid in deſpair, or is buſied in the contrivance or the execution of miſchief. But if lunacy is ultimately produced by mere material cauſes, it is difficult to ſhew, why miſery or malevolence ſhould always be complicated with abſurdity; why madneſs ſhould not ſometimes produce inſtances of frantic and extravagant kindneſs, of a benevolent purpoſe formed upon erroneous principles and purſued by ridiculous means, and of an honeſt and harmleſs cheerfulneſs ariſing from the fancied felicity of others.

A lunatic is, indeed, ſometimes merry, but the merry lunatic is never kind; his ſport is always miſchief: and miſchief is rather aggravated than atoned by wantonneſs; his diſpoſition is always evil in proportion to the height of his phrenzy; and upon this occaſion it may be remarked, that if every approach to madneſs is a deviation to ill, every deviation to ill may be conſidered as an approach to madneſs.

Among other unaccountable phenomena in lunacy, is the invincible abſurdity of opinion with reſpect to ſome ſingle object, while the mind operates with its full vigour upon

upon every other: it ſometimes happens, that when this object is preſented to the mind, reaſon is thrown quite out of her ſeat, and the perverſion of the underſtanding for a time becomes general; but ſometimes it ſtill continues to be perverted but in part, and the abſurdity itſelf is defended with all the force of regular argumentation.

A moſt extraordinary inſtance of this kind may now be communicated to the public, without injury to a good man, or a good cauſe which he ſucceſsfully maintained.

Mr. Simon Browne, a diſſenting teacher of exemplary life and eminent intellectual abilities, after having been ſome time ſeized with melancholy, deſiſted from the duties of his function, and could not be perſuaded to join in any act of worſhip either public or private. His friends often urged him to account for this change in his conduct, at which they expreſſed the utmoſt grief and aſtoniſhment; and after much importunity he told them, "that he had fallen under the ſenſible diſpleaſure of "God, who had cauſed his rational ſoul gradually to "periſh, and left him only an animal life in common "with brutes; that it was, therefore, prophane for him "to pray, and incongruous to be preſent at the prayers "of others."

In this opinion, however abſurd, he was inflexible, at a time when all the powers of his mind ſubſiſted in their full vigour, when his conceptions were clear, and his reaſoning ſtrong.

Being once importuned to ſay grace at the table of a friend, he excuſed himſelf many times; but the requeſt being ſtill repeated, and the company kept ſtanding, he diſcovered evident tokens of diſtreſs, and after ſome irreſolute geſtures and heſitation, expreſſed with great fervor this ejaculation: "Moſt merciful and almighty "God, let thy Spirit, which moved upon the face of the "waters when there was no light, deſcend upon me; "that from this darkneſs there may riſe up a man to "praiſe thee;"

But

But the moſt aſtoniſhing proof both of his intellectual excellence and defect is, "A defence of the Religion of "Nature and the Chriſtian Revelation, in anſwer to "Tindal's Chriſtianity as old as the Creation," and his dedication of it to the late queen. The book is univerſally allowed to be the beſt which that controverſy produced, and the dedication is as follows:

"Madam,

"OF all the extraordinary things that have been tendered to your royal hands ſince your firſt happy "arrival in Britain, it may be boldly ſaid, what now "beſpeaks your majeſty's acceptance is the chief.

"Not in itſelf indeed; it is a trifle unworthy your "exalted rank, and what will hardly prove an entertaining amuſement to one of your majeſty's deep penetration, exact judgment, and fine taſte.

"But on account of the author, who is the firſt being "of the kind, and yet without a name.

"He was once a man; and of ſome little name; but "of no worth, as his preſent unparalleled caſe makes but "too manifeſt; for by the immediate hand of an avenging "God, his very thinking ſubſtance has for more than "ſeven years been continually waſting away, till it is "wholly periſhed out of him, if it be not utterly come "to nothing. None, no not the leaſt remembrance of "its very ruins, remains, not the ſhadow of an idea is "left, nor any ſenſe that, ſo much as one ſingle one, "perfect or imperfect, whole or diminiſhed, ever did "appear to a mind within him, or was perceived by it.

"Such a preſent from ſuch a thing, however worthleſs "in itſelf, may not be wholly unacceptable to your ma"jeſty, the author being ſuch as hiſtory cannot parallel: "and if the fact, which is real and no fiction, nor wrong "conceit, obtains credit, it muſt be recorded as the moſt "memorable and indeed aſtoniſhing event in the reign of "George the Second, that a tract compoſed by ſuch a "thing was preſented to the illuſtrious Caroline; his "royal conſort needs not to be added; fame, if I am not "miſinformed, will tell that with pleaſure to all ſucceeding times.

"He has been informed, that your majesty's piety is "as genuine and eminent, as your excellent qualities "are great and conspicuous. This can, indeed, be truly "known to the great Searcher of Hearts only; He alone, "who can look into them, can discern if they are sin-"cere, and the main intention corresponds with the ap-"pearance; and your majesty cannot take it amiss if "such an author hints, that His secret approbation is of "infinitely greater value than the commendation of men, "who may be easily mistaken and are apt to flatter their "superiors.

"But if he had been told the truth, such a case "as his will certainly strike your majesty with astonish-"ment, and may raise that commiseration in your royal "breast which he has in vain endeavoured to excite "in those of his friends; who by the most unreasonable "and ill-founded conceit in the world, have imagined, "that a thinking being could for seven years together "live a stranger to its own powers, exercises, operations "and state, and to what the great God has been doing "in it, and to it.

"If your majesty, in your most retired address to the "Kings of Kings, should think of so singular a case, "you may, perhaps, make it your devout request, "that the reign of your beloved sovereign and consort "may be renowned to all posterity by the recovery of a "soul now in the utmost ruin, the restoration of one "utterly lost at present amongst men.

"And should this case affect your royal breast, you "will recommend it to the piety and prayers of all the "truly devout, who have the honour to be known "to your majesty: many such doubtless there are; "though courts are not usually the places where the de-"vout resort, or where devotion reigns. And it is not "improbable, that multitudes of the pious throughout "the land may take a case to heart, that under your "majesty's patronage comes thus recommended.

"Could such a favour as this restoration be obtained "from Heaven by the prayers of your majesty, with "what a transport of gratitude would the recovered

" being throw himſelf at your majeſty's feet, and ador-
" ing the Divine Power and Grace, profeſs himſelf,

" Madam,

" Your majeſty's moſt obliged

" and dutiful ſervant."

This dedication, which is no where feeble or abſurd, but in the places where the object of his phrenzy was immediately before him, his friends found means to ſuppreſs; wiſely conſidering, that a book, to which it ſhould be prefixed, would certainly be condemned without examination; for few would have required ſtronger evidence of its inutility, than that the author, by his dedication, appeared to be mad. The copy, however, was preſerved, and has been tranſcribed into the blank leaves before one of the books which is now in the library of a friend to this undertaking, who is not leſs diſtinguiſhed by his merit than his rank, and who recommended it as a literary curioſity, which was in danger of being loſt for want of a repoſitory in which it might be preſerved.

No. LXXXIX. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Præcipua tamen ejus in commovendâ miſeratione virtus, ut quidam in hac cum parte omnibus ejuſdem operis autoribus præferant. QUINTILIAN.

His great excellence was in moving compaſſion, with reſpect to which many give him the firſt place of all the writers of that kind.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IT is uſual for ſcholars to lament, with indiſcriminating regret, the devaſtations committed on ancient libraries, by accident and time, by ſuperſtition, ignorance

rance, and gothicism; but the loss is very far from being in all cases equally irreparable, as the want of some kinds of books may be much more easily supplied than that of others. By the interruption that sometimes happens in the succession of philosophical opinions, the mind is emancipated from traditionary systems, recovers its native elasticity which had been benumbed by custom, begins to examine with freedom and fresh vigour, and to follow truth instead of authority. The loss of writings, therefore, in which reasoning is concerned, is not, perhaps, so great an evil to mankind, as of those which describe characters and facts.

To be deprived of the last books of Livy, of the satires of Archilochus, and the comedies of Menander, is a greater misfortune to the republic of literature, than if the logic and the physics of Aristotle had never descended to posterity.

Two of your predecessors, Mr. Adventurer, of great judgment and genius, very justly thought that they should adorn their lucubrations by publishing, one of them a fragment of Sappho, and the other an old Grecian hymn to the goddess Health: and, indeed, I conceive it to be a very important use of your paper, to bring into common light those beautiful remains of ancient art, which by their present situation are deprived of that universal admiration they so justly deserve, and are only the secret enjoyment of a few curious readers. In imitation, therefore, of the examples I have just mentioned, I shall send you, for the instruction and entertainment of your readers, a fragment of Simonides and of Menander.

Simonides was celebrated by the antients for the sweetness, correctness, and purity of his style, and his irresistible skill in moving the passions. It is a sufficient panegyric that Plato often mentions him with approbation. Dionysius places him among those polished writers, who excel "in a smooth volubility, and flow on, "like plenteous and perennial rivers, in a course of even "and uninterrupted harmony."

It is to this excellent critic that we are indebted for the preſervation of the following paſſage, the tenderneſs and elegance of which ſcarcely need be pointed out to thoſe who have taſte and ſenſibility. Danaë, being by her mercileſs father incloſed in a cheſt and thrown into the ſea with her child, the poet proceeds thus far to relate her diſtreſs:

Ὅτε λαρναξι ἐν δαιδαλεᾳ ανεμος
Βρεμη πνεων, κινηθεισα δε λιμνα
Δειμασι εξειπεν· ὅτ' αδιανταισι
Παρειαις αμφε τε Περσει βαλλε
Φιλαν χερα· ειπεν τε ——— Ω τεκνον,
Οιον εχω, πονον. συ δ' αυτε λαγαθηνω
Ἠτορι κνωσσεις εν ατερπει δωματι,
Χαλκεογομφω δε, νυκτιαλμπει,
Κυανεω τε δνοφω. συ δ', αυκλεκν
Ὑπερθε τεαν κομαν βαθειαν
Παριοντος κυματος κκ αλεγεις
Ουδ' ανεμων φθογγων, τορθυξεα
Κειμενος εν χλανιδι, προσωπον καλον,
Ει δε τοι δεινον το γε δεινον ην,
Και κεν εμων ῥηματων λεπσιον
Ὑπεσχες ὠας. Κελομαι, ευδε βρεφος,
Ευδετω δε πονος, ευδετω υμετερον κακον.

When the raging wind began to roar, and the waves to beat ſo violently on the cheſt as to threaten to overſet it, ſhe threw her arm fondly around Perſeus, and ſaid, the tears trickling down her cheeks, "O my ſon, "what ſorrows do I undergo! But thou art wrapt in a "deep ſlumber; thou ſleepeſt ſoundly like a ſucking "child, in this joyleſs habitation, in this dark and "dreadful night, lighted only by the glimmerings of "the moon! Covered with thy purple mantle, thou "regardeſt not the waves that daſh around thee, nor "the whiſtling of the winds. O thou beauteous babe! "If thou wert ſenſible of this calamity, thou wouldeſt "bend thy tender ears to my complaints. Sleep on,

"I beſeech

"I beſeech thee, O my child! Sleep, with him, O ye "billows! and ſleep likewiſe my diſtreſs!"

Thoſe who would form a full idea of the delicacy of the Greek ſhould attentively conſider the following happy imitation of it, which, I have reaſon to believe, is not ſo extenſively known or ſo warmly admired as it ought to be; and which, indeed, far excels the original.

The poet, having pathetically painted a great princeſs taking leave of an affectionate huſband on his death-bed, and endeavouring afterwards to comfort her inconſolable family, adds the following particular.

His conatibus occupata, oculos
Guttis ludiculis adhuc madentes
Convertit, puerum ſopore vinctum
Quâ nutrix placido ſinû fovebat:
"Dormis," inquit, "O miſelle, nec te
"Vultus examina, ſilentiumque
"Per longa atria commovent, nec ullo
"Fratrum tangeris, aut meo dolore;
"Nec ſentis patre deſtitutus illo,
"Qui geſtans genibuſve brachiove,
"Aut formans lepidam tuam loquelam,
"Tecum mille modis ineptiebat.
"Tu dormis, volitantque qui ſolebant
"Riſus, in roſeis tuis labellis.——
"Dormi, parvula! nec mali dolores
"Qui matrem cruciant tuæ quietis
"Rumpant ſomnia.——Quando, quando, tales
"Redibunt oculis meis ſopores!"

The contraſt betwixt the inſenſibility of the infant and the agony of the mother; her obſerving that the child is unmoved with what was moſt likely to affect him, the ſorrows of his little brothers, the many mournful countenances, and the diſmal ſilence that reigned throughout the court; the circumſtances of the father playing with the child on his knees or in his arms, and teaching him to ſpeak, are ſuch delicate maſter-ſtrokes of art and parental tenderneſs, as ſhew the author is intimately acquainted with the human heart, and with thoſe little

touches

touches of paſſion that are beſt calculated ro move it. The affectionate wiſh of "dormi, parvule" is plainly imitated from the fragment of Simonides; but the ſudden exclamation that follows,—"when, O when, "ſhall I ſleep like this infant!" is entirely the property of the author, and worthy of, though not excelled by, any of the ancients. It is making the moſt artful and the moſt ſtriking uſe of the ſlumber of the child, to aggravate and heighten by compariſon the reſtleſſneſs of the mother's ſorrow; it is the fineſt and ſtrongeſt way of ſaying, "my grief will never ceaſe," that has ever been uſed. I think it not exaggeration to affirm, that in this little poem are united the pathetic of Euripides and the elegance of Catullus. It affords a judicious example of the manner in which the ancients ought to be imitated; not by uſing their expre..ons and epithets, which is the common method, but by catching a portion of their ſpirit, and adapting their images and ways of thinking to new ſubjects. The generality of thoſe who have propoſed Catullus for their pattern, even the beſt of the modern Latin poe s of Italy, ſeem to think they have accompliſhed their deſign, by introducing many florid diminutives, ſuch as "tenullula, and columbula:" but there is a purity and ſeverity of ſtyle, a temperate and auſtere manner in Catullus, which nearly reſembles that of his contemporary Lucretius, and is happily copied by the author of the poem which has produced theſe reflexions. Whenever, therefore, we ſit down to compoſe, we ſhould aſk ourſelves in the words of Longinus a little altered; "How would Homer or Plato, "Demoſthenes or Thucydides, have expreſſed themſelves "on this occaſion; allowing for the alteration of "our cuſtoms and the different idioms of our re-"ſpective language?" This would be following the ancients, without tamely treading in their footſteps; this would be making the ſame glorious uſe of them that Racine has done of Euripides in his Phædra and Iphigenia, and that Milton has done of the Prometheus of Eſchylus in the character of Satan.

If

If you ſhould happen not to lay aſide this paper among the refuſe of your correſpondence, as the offſpring of pedantry and a blind fondneſs for antiquity; or rather, if your readers can endure the ſight of ſo much Greek, though ever ſo Attic, I may, perhaps, trouble you again with a few reflections on the character of Menander.

Z I am,

Mr. Adventurer,

Your's,

PALÆOPHILUS

No. XC. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

Concretam exemit labem, purumque reliquit
Ætherium ſenſum, atque auraï ſimplicis ignem.

VIRGIL.

——By length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains,
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains. DRYDEN.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

NOTHING ſooner quells the ridiculous triumph of human vanity, than reading thoſe paſſages of the greateſt writers, in which they ſeem deprived of that noble ſpirit that inſpires them in other parts: and where, inſtead of invention and grandeur, we meet with nothing but flatneſs and inſipidity.

The pain I have felt in obſerving a lofty genius thus ſink beneath itſelf, has often made me wiſh, that theſe unworthy ſtains could be blotted from their works, and leave them perfect and immaculate.

I went to bed a few nights ago, full of theſe thoughts, and cloſed the evening, as I frequently do, with reading a few lines in Virgil. I accidentally opened that part of the

the ſixth book, where Anchiſes recounts to his ſon the various methods of purgation which the ſoul undergoes in the next world, to cleanſe it from the filth it has contracted by its connection with the body, and to deliver the pure etherial eſſence from the vicious tincture of mortality. This was ſo much like my evening's ſpeculation, that it inſenſibly mixed and incorporated with it, and as ſoon as I fell aſleep, formed itſelf into the following dream.

I found myſelf in an inſtant in the midſt of a temple which was built with all that magnificent ſimplicity that diſtinguiſhes the productions of the ancients. At the eaſt end was raiſed an altar, on each ſide of which ſtood a prieſt, who ſeemed preparing to ſacrifice. On the altar was kindled a fire, from which aroſe the brighteſt flame I had ever beheld. The light which it diſpenſed, though remarkably ſtrong and clear, was not quivering and dazzling, but ſteady and uniform, and diffuſed a purple radiance through the whole edifice, not unlike the firſt appearance of the morning.

While I ſtood fixed in admiration, my attention was awakened by the blaſt of a trumpet that ſhook the whole temple; but it carried a certain ſweetneſs in its ſound, which mellowed and tempered the natural ſhrillneſs of that inſtrument. After it had ſounded thrice, the being who blew it, habited according to the deſcription of Fame by the ancients, iſſued a proclamation to the following purpoſe: "By command of Apollo and the "Muſes, all who have ever made any pretenſions to "fame by their writings, are enjoined to ſacrifice upon "the altar in this temple, thoſe parts of their works, "which have hitherto been preſerved to their infamy, "that their names may deſcend ſpotleſs and unſullied to "poſterity. For this purpoſe Ariſtotle and Longinus "are appointed chief prieſts, who are to ſee that no "improper oblations are made, and no proper ones con-"cealed; and for the more eaſy performance of this of-"fice, they are allowed to chuſe as their aſſiſtants "whomſoever they ſhall think worthy of the function."

As

As ſoon as this proclamation was made, I turned my eyes with inexpreſſible delight towards the two prieſts; but was ſoon robbed of the pleaſure of looking at them by a crowd of people running up to offer their ſervice. Theſe I found to be a groupe of French critics; but their offers were rejected by both prieſts with the utmoſt indignation, and their whole works were thrown on the altar, and reduced to aſhes in an inſtant. The two prieſts then looked round, and choſe, with a few others, Horace and Quintilian from among the Romans, and Addiſon from the Engliſh, as their principal aſſiſtants.

The firſt who came forward with his offering, by the loftineſs of his demeanor was ſoon diſcovered to be Homer. He approached the altar with great majeſty, and delivered to Longinus thoſe parts of his Odyſſey, which have been cenſured as improbable fictions, and the ridiculous narratives of old age. Longinus was preparing for the ſacrifice, but obſerving that Ariſtotle did not ſeem willing to aſſiſt him in the office, he returned them to the venerable old bard with great deference, ſaying, that "they were indeed the tales of old age, but "it was the old age of Homer."

Virgil appeared next, and approached the altar with a modeſt dignity in his gait and countenance peculiar to himſelf; and to the ſurpriſe of all committed his whole Æneid to the flames. But it was immediately reſcued by two Romans, whom I found to be Tucca and Varius, who ran with precipitation to the altar, delivered the poem from deſtruction, and carried off the author between them, repeating that glorious boaſt of about forty lines at the beginning of the Georgic:

——— Tentanda via eſt; qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora,
Primus ego in patriam mecum, &c.

After him moſt of the Greek and Roman authors proceeded to the altar, and ſurrendered with great modeſty and humility the moſt faulty part of their works. One circumſtance was obſervable, that the ſacrifice always increaſed in proportion as the author had ventured to deviate

viate from a judicious imitation of Homer. The latter Roman authors, who ſeemed almoſt to have loſt ſight of him, made ſo large offerings, that ſome of their works, which were before very voluminous, ſhrunk into the compaſs of a primer.

It gave me the higheſt ſatisfaction to ſee Philoſophy thus cleared from erroneous principles, Hiſtory purged of falſehood, Poetry of fuſtian, and nothing left in each but Genius, Senſe, and Truth.

I marked with particular attention the ſeveral offerings of the moſt eminent Engliſh writers. Chaucer gave up his obſcenity, and then delivered his works to Dryden, to clear them from the rubbiſh that encumbered them. Dryden executed his taſk with great addreſs, "and," as Addiſon ſays of Virgil in his Georgics, "toſſed about "his dung with an air of gracefulneſs:" he not only repaired the injuries of time, but threw in a thouſand new graces. He then advanced towards the altar himſelf, and delivered up a large packet which contained many plays, and ſome poems. The packet had a label affixed to it, which bore this inſcription, "To Po-"verty."

Shakeſpeare carried to the altar a long ſtring of puns, marked "The taſte of the age," a ſmall parcel of bombaſt, and a pretty large bundle of incorrectneſs. Notwithſtanding the ingenuous air with which he made this offering, ſome officiates at the altar accuſed him of concealing certain pieces, and mentioned the London Prodigal, Sir Thomas Cromwell, The Yorkſhire Tragedy, &c. The poet replied, "that as thoſe pieces were "unworthy to be preſerved, he ſhould ſee them con-"ſumed to aſhes with great pleaſure; but that he was "wholly innocent of their original." The two chief prieſts interpoſed in this diſpute, and diſmiſſed the poet with many compliments; Longinus obſerving, that the pieces in queſtion could not poſſibly be his, for that the failings of Shakeſpeare were like thoſe of Homer, "whoſe genius, whenever it ſubſided, might be com-"pared to the ebbing of the ocean, which left a mark "upon its ſhores, to ſhew to what a height it was

"ſome

" ſometimes carried." Ariſtotle concurred in this opinion and added, " that although Shakeſpeare was quite ignorant of that exact œconomy of the ſtage, which is ſo " remarkable in the Greek writers, yet the mere " ſtrength of his genius had in many points carried him " infinitely beyond them."

Milton gave up a few errors in his Paradiſe Loſt, and the ſacrifice was attended with great decency by Addiſon. Otway and Rowe threw their comedies upon the altar, and Beaumont and Fletcher the two laſt acts of many of their pieces. They were followed by Tom Durfey, Etherege, Wycherley, and ſeveral other dramatic writers, who made ſuch large contributions, that they ſet the altar in a blaze.

Among theſe I was ſurpriſed to ſee an author with much politeneſs in his behaviour, and ſpirit in his countenance, tottering under an unweildy burden. As he approached I diſcovered him to be Sir John Vanburgh, and could not but ſmile, when, on his committing his heavy load to the flames, it proved to be " His ſkill in " Architecture."

Pope advanced towards Addiſon, and delivered with great humility thoſe lines written expreſsly againſt him, ſo remarkable for their excellence and their cruelty, repeating this couplet;

" Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
" That tends to make one worthy man my foe."

The ingenuous critic inſiſted on his taking them again: " for," ſaid he, my aſſociates at the altar, par- " ticularly Horace, would never permit a line of ſo ex- " cellent a ſatiriſt to be conſumed. The many com- " pliments paid me in other parts of your works, am- " ply compenſate for this ſlight indignity. And be aſ- " ſured, that no little pique or miſunderſtanding ſhall " ever make me a foe to genius." Pope bowed in ſome confuſion, and promiſed to ſubſtitute a fictitious name at leaſt, which was all that was left in his power. He then

retired, after having made a ſacrifice of a little pacquet of Antitheſes, and ſome parts of his tranſlation of Homer.

During the courſe of theſe oblations, I was charmed with the candour, decency, and judgment, with which all the prieſts diſcharged their different functions. They behaved with ſuch dignity, that it reminded me of thoſe ages, when the offices of king and prieſt centered in the ſame perſon. Whenever any of the aſſiſtants were at a loſs in any particular circumſtances, they applied to Ariſtotle, who ſettled the whole buſineſs in an inſtant.

But the reflections which this pleaſing ſcene produced, were ſoon interrupted by a tumultuous noiſe at the gate of the temple; when ſuddenly a rude illiterate multitude ruſhed in, led by Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, and Bolingbroke. The chiefs, whoſe countenances were impreſſed with rage which art could not conceal, forced their way to the altar, and amidſt the joyful acclamations of their followers threw a large volume into the fire. But the triumph was ſhort, and joy and acclamation gave way to ſilence and aſtoniſhment: the volume lay unhurt in the midſt of the fire, and, as the flames played innocently about it, I could diſcover written in letters of gold, the words, THE BIBLE. At that inſtant my ears were raviſhed with the ſound of more than mortal muſic accompanying a hymn ſung by inviſible beings, of which I well remember the following verſes:

"The words of the LORD are pure words: even as "the ſilver, which in the earth is tried, and purified "ſeven times in the fire.

"More to be deſired are they than gold; yea, than "much fine gold: ſweeter alſo than honey, and the "honey-comb."

The united melody of inſtruments and voices, which formed a concert ſo exquiſite, that as Milton ſays, "it "might create a ſoul under the ribs of death," threw me

me into ſuch extaſies, that I was awakened by their violence.

&

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

CRITO.

No. XCI. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

——Facto pius et ſceleratus eodem, OVID.

Thus was the father pious to a crime. ADDISON.

IT is contended by thoſe who reject Chriſtianity, that if revelation had been neceſſary as a rule of life to mankind, it would have been univerſal; and they are, upon this principle, compelled to affirm that only to be a rule of life which is univerſally known.

But no rule, of life is univerſally known, except the dictates of conſcience. With reſpect to particular actions, opinion determines whether they are good or ill; and conſcience approves or diſapproves, in conſequence of this determination, whether it be in favour of truth or falſehood. Nor can the errors of conſcience be always imputed to a criminal neglect of inquiry: thoſe by whom a ſyſtem of moral truths was diſcovered through the gloom of paganiſm, have been conſidered as prodigies, and regarded by ſucceſſive ages with aſtoniſhment and admiration; and that which immortaliſed one among many millions, can ſcarce be thought poſſible to all. Men do not uſually ſhut their eyes againſt their immediate intereſt, however they may be thought to wink againſt their duty; and ſo little does either appear to be diſcoverable by the light of nature, that where the Divine Preſcription has either been with-held or corrupted, ſuperſtition has rendered piety cruel, and error has armed virtue againſt herſelf; miſery has been cultivated by thoſe who have not incurred guilt; and though

all men had been innocent, they might ſtill have been wretched.

In the reign of Yamodin the Magnificent, the kingdom of Golconda was depopulated by a peſtilence; and after every other attempt to propitiate the gods had failed, it was believed, according to the ſuperſtition of the country, that they required the ſacrifice of a virgin of royal blood.

It happened that at this time there was no virgin of the royal blood, but Tamira the daughter of Yamodin, whom he had betrothed to one of the princes of his court, intending that he ſhould ſucceed to the throne; for Yamodin had no ſon, and he was not willing that his empire ſhould deſcend to a woman.

Yamodin conſidered himſelf not leſs the father of his people, than of Tamira; and, therefore, with whatever reluctance, determined to redeem the life of the public, with that of the individual. He proſtrated himſelf in the temple, and invoked his principal idol as the fountain of life: "from thee," ſaid he, I have derived my "being, and the life which I have propagated is thine: "when I am about to reſtore it, let me remember with "gratitude, that I poſſeſſed it by thy bounty; and let "thy mercy accept it as a ranſom for my people."

Orders were given for the ſacrifice on the next day, and Tamira was permitted to diſpoſe of the interval as ſhe pleaſed. She received the intimation of her father's pleaſure without much ſurprize; becauſe, as ſhew knew the cuſtom of her country, ſhe ſcarce hoped that the demand of her life would have been delayed ſo long: ſhe fortified herſelf againſt the terrors of death, by anticipating the honours that would be paid to her memory; and had juſt triumphed over the deſire of life, when, upon perceiving her lover enter the apartment, ſhe loſt her fortitude in a moment and burſt into tears.

When they were alone, after his eyes had, like her's, overflowed with ſilent ſorrow, he took her hand, and with a look of inexpreſſible anxiety and tenderneſs told her, that one expedient was yet left, by which her life might be preſerved; that he had bribed a prieſt to his intereſt,

intereſt, by whom the ceremonies of marriage might be immediately performed; that on the morrow, as ſhe would be no longer a virgin, the propitiation of the gods could not be effected by her death; and that her father, though for political purpoſes he might appear to be diſpleaſed, would yet ſecretly rejoice at an event, which, without his concurrence, had delivered him from the dreadful obligation of ſacrificing an only child, through whom he hoped to tranſmit dominion to his poſterity.

To this propoſal Tamira, whoſe attachment to life was now ſtrengthened by love, and in whoſe boſom the regret of precluded pleaſure had ſucceeded to the hope of glory, at length conſented; but ſhe conſented with all the timidity, reluctance, and confuſion, which are produced by a conſciouſneſs of guilt; and the prince himſelf introduced the man, who was to accompliſh the purpoſe both of his ambition and his love, with apparent tremor and heſitation.

On the morrow, when the prieſt ſtood ready at the altar to receive the victim, and the king commanded his daughter to be brought forth, the prince produced her as his wife. Yamodin ſtood ſome moments in ſuſpence; and then diſmiſſing the aſſembly, retired to his palace. After having remained about two hours in private, he ſent for the prince. "The gods," ſaid he, "though "they continue the peſtilence, have yet in mercy reſ- "cued my people from the oppreſſion of a tyrant, who "appears to conſider the life of millions as nothing in "competition with the indulgence of his luſt, his ava- "rice, or his ambition." Yamodin then commanded him to be put to death, and the ſentence was executed the ſame hour.

Tamira now repented in unutterable diſtreſs of a crime, by which the pleaſures not only of poſſeſſion but hope were precluded; her attachment to life was broken, by the very means which ſhe had taken to preſerve it; and as an atonement for the forfeit of her virginity, ſhe determined to ſubmit to that law of marriage, from which as a princeſs only ſhe was exempted, and to

throw herſelf on the pile by which the body of her huſband was to be conſumed. To this her father conſented: their aſhes were ſcattered to the winds, and their names were forbidden to be repeated.

If by theſe events it is evident, that Yamodin diſcerned no law which would have juſtified the preſervation of his daughter; and if it is abſurd to ſuppoſe his integrity to be vicious, becauſe he had leſs power and opportunity to obtain knowledge than Plato; it will follow, that, by whatever rule the oblation of human ſacrifice may be condemned, the conduct of Yamodin which would have produced ſuch ſacrifice was morally right, and that of the prince which prevented it was morally wrong; that the conſent of Tamira to the marriage was vicious, and that her ſuicide was heroic virtue, though in her marriage ſhe concurred with a general law of nature, and by her death oppoſed it: for moral right and wrong are terms that are wholly relative to the agent by whom the action is performed, and not to the action itſelf conſidered abſtractedly, for abſtractedly it can be right or wrong only in a natural ſenſe. It appears, therefore, that revelation is neceſſary to the eſtabliſhment even of natural religion, and that it is more rational to ſuppoſe it has been vouchſafed in part than not at all.

It may, perhaps, be aſked, of what uſe then is conſcience as a guide of life, ſince in theſe inſtances it appears not to coincide with the Divine Law, but to oppoſe it; to condemn that which is enjoined, and approve that which is forbidden: but to this queſtion the anſwer is eaſy.

The end which conſcience approves is always good, though ſhe ſometimes miſtakes the means: the end which Yamodin propoſed, was deliverance from a peſtilence; but he did not nor could know, that this end was not to be obtained by human ſacrifice: and the end which conſcience condemns, is always ill; for the end propoſed by the prince, was private gain by public loſs. By conſcience, then, all men are reſtrained from intentional ill, and directed in their choice of the end though not of the means: it infallibly directs us to avoid guilt, but

but is not intended to ſecure us from error; it is not, therefore, either uſeleſs as a law to ourſelves, nor yet ſufficient to regulate our conduct with reſpect to others; it may ſting with remorſe, but it cannot cheer us with hope. It is by revelation alone, that virtue and happineſs are connected: by revelation, "we are led into "all truth," conſcience is directed to effect its purpoſe, and repentance is encouraged by the hope of pardon. If this ſun is riſen upon our hemiſphere, let us not conſider it only as the object of ſpeculation and enquiry; let us rejoice in its influence, and walk by its light; regarding rather with contempt than indignation, thoſe who are only ſolicitous to diſcover, why its radiance is not farther diffuſed; and wilfully ſhut their eyes againſt it, becauſe they ſee others ſtumble to whom it has been denied.

It is not neceſſary to enquire, what would be determined at the Great Tribunal, concerning a heathen who had in every inſtance obeyed the dictates of conſcience, however erroneous; becauſe it will readily be granted, that no ſuch moral perfection was ever found among men: but it is eaſy to aſcertain the fate of thoſe, "who "love darkneſs rather than light, becauſe their deeds "are evil;" who violate the law that has been written upon the heart, and reject that which has been offered them from above; who though their ſins are as ſcarlet, cavil at the terms on which they might be white as ſnow; and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand that would blot them from the Regiſter of Heaven.

No. XCII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti.

HOR.

Bold be the critic, zealous to his truſt,
Like the firm judge, exorably juſt.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IN the papers of criticiſm which you have given to the public, I have remarked a ſpirit of candor and love of truth, equally remote from bigotry and captiouſneſs; a juſt diſtribution of praiſe amongſt the ancients and the moderns; a ſober deference to reputation long eſtabliſhed, without a blind adoration of antiquity; and a willingneſs to favour later performances, without a light or puerile fondneſs for novelty.

I ſhall, therefore, venture to lay before you, ſuch obſervations as have riſen to my mind in the conſideration of Virgil's paſtorals, without any inquiry how far my ſentiments deviate from eſtabliſhed rules or common opinions.

If we ſurvey the ten paſtorals in a general view, it will be found that Virgil can derive from them very little claim to the praiſe of an inventor. To ſearch into the antiquity of this kind of poetry, is not my preſent purpoſe; that it has long ſubſiſted in the eaſt, the ſacred writings ſufficiently inform us; and we may conjecture, with great probability, that it was ſometimes the devotion, and ſometimes the entertainment of the firſt generations of mankind. Theocritus united elegance with ſimplicity; and taught his ſhepherds to ſing with ſo much eaſe and harmony, that his countrymen deſpairing to excel, forbore to imitate him; and the Greeks, however vain or ambitious, left him in quiet poſſeſſion of the garlands which the wood-nymphs had beſtowed upon him.

Virgil,

Virgil, however, taking advantage of another language, ventured to copy or to rival the Sicilian Bard: he has written with greater ſplendor of diction, and elevation of ſentiment: but as the magnificence of his performances was more, the ſimplicity was leſs; and, perhaps, where he excels Theocritus, he ſometimes obtains his ſuperiority by deviating from the paſtoral character, and performing what Theocritus never attempted.

Yet, though I would willingly pay to Theocritus the honour which is always due to an original author, I am far from intending to depreciate Virgil; of whom Horace juſtly declares, that the rural muſes have appropriated to him their elegance and ſweetneſs, and who, as he copied Theocritus in his deſign, has reſembled him likewiſe in his ſucceſs; for, if we except Calphurnius, an obſcure author of the lower ages, I know not that a ſingle paſtoral was written after him by any poet, till the revival of literature.

But though his general merit has been univerſally acknowledged, I am far from thinking all the productions of his rural Thalia equally excellent: there is, indeed, in all his paſtorals a ſtrain of verſification which it is vain to ſeek in any other poet; but if we except the firſt and the tenth, they ſeem liable either wholly or in part to conſiderable objections.

The ſecond, though we ſhould forget the great charge againſt it, which I am afraid can never be refuted, might, I think, have periſhed, without any diminution of the praiſe of its author; for I know not that it contains one affecting ſentiment or pleaſing deſcription, or one paſſage that ſtrikes the imagination or awakens the paſſions.

The third contains a conteſt between two ſhepherds, begun with a quarrel of which ſome particulars might well be ſpared, carried on with ſprightlineſs and elegance, and terminated at laſt in a reconciliation: but, ſurely, whether the invectives with which they attack each other be true or falſe, they are too much degraded from the dignity of paſtoral innocence: and inſtead of

rejoicing

rejoicing that they are both victorious, I ſhould not have been grieved could they have been both defeated.

The poem to Pollio is, indeed, of another kind: it is filled with images at once ſplendid and pleaſing, and is elevated with grandeur of language worthy of the firſt of Roman poets; but I am not able to reconcile myſelf to the diſproportion, between the performance and the occaſion that produced it: that the golden age ſhould return becauſe Pollio had a ſon, appears ſo wild a fiction, that I am ready to ſuſpect the poet of having written, for ſome other purpoſe, what he took this opportunity of producing to the public.

The fifth contains a celebration of Daphnis, which has ſtood to all ſucceeding ages as the model of paſtoral elegies. To deny praiſe to a performance which ſo many thouſands have laboured to imitate, would be to judge with too little deference for the opinion of mankind: yet whoever ſhall read it with impartiality, will find that moſt of the images are of the mythological kind, and, therefore, eaſily invented; and that there are few ſentiments of rational praiſe or natural lamentation.

In the Silenus he again riſes to the dignity of philoſophic ſentiments and heroic poetry. The addreſs to Varus is eminently beautiful: but ſince the compliment paid to Gallus fixes the tranſaction to his own time, the fiction of Silenus ſeems injudicious; nor has any ſufficient reaſon yet been found, to juſtify his choice of thoſe fables that make the ſubject of the ſong.

The ſeventh exhibits another conteſt of the tuneful ſhepherds: and, ſurely, it is not without ſome reproach to his inventive power, that of ten paſtorals Virgil has written two upon the ſame plan. One of the ſhepherds now gains an acknowledged victory, but without any apparent ſuperiority; and the reader, when he ſees the prize adjudged, is not able to diſcover how it was deſerved.

Of the eighth paſtoral, ſo little is properly the work of Virgil, that he has no claim to other praiſe or blame than that of a tranſlator.

Of

Of the ninth, it is ſcarce poſſible to diſcover the deſign or tendency: it is ſaid, I know not upon what authority, to have been compoſed from fragments of other poems; and except a few lines in which the author touches upon his own misfortunes, there is nothing that ſeems appropriated to any time or place, or of which any other uſe can be diſcovered than to fill up the poem.

The firſt and the tenth paſtorals, whatever be determined of the reſt, are ſufficient to place their author above the reach of rivalry. The complaint of Gallus diſappointed in his love, is full of ſuch ſentiments as diſappointed love naturally produces; his wiſhes are wild, his reſentment tender, and his purpoſes are inconſtant. In the genuine language of deſpair, he ſooths himſelf a-while with the pity that ſhall be paid him after his death.

———Tamen cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,
Montibus hæc veſtris: ſoli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter oſſa quieſcant,
Veſtra meos olim ſi fiſtula dicat amores!

———Yet, O Arcadian ſwains,
Ye beſt artificers of ſoothing ſtrains!
Tune your ſoft reeds, and teach your rocks my woes,
So ſhall my ſhade in ſweeter reſt repoſe.
O, that your birth and buſineſs had been mine;
To feed the flock, and prune the ſpreading vine!

WARTON.

Diſcontented with his preſent condition, and deſirous to be any thing but what he is, he wiſhes himſelf one of the ſhepherds. He then catches the idea of rural tranquillity; but ſoon diſcovers how much happier he ſhould be in theſe happy regions with Lycoris at his ſide.

Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
Hic nemus; hic ipſo tecum conſumerer ævo.
Nunc inſanus amor duri me Martis in armis;
Tela inter media, atque adverſos detinet hoſtes.
Tu procul a patria (nec ſit mihi credere) tantum
Alpinas, ah dura, nives, & frigora Rheni

Me

Me ſine ſola vides. Ah te ne frigora lædant!
Ah tibi ne teneras glacies ſecet aſpera plantas!

Here cooling fountains roll thro' flow'ry meads,
Here woods, Lycoris, lift their verdant heads;
Here could I wear my careleſs life away,
And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
Inſtead of that, me frantic love detains
'Mid foes, and dreadful darts, and bloody plains:
While you———and can my ſoul the tale believe
Far from your country, lonely wand'ring leave
Me, me your lover, barbarous fugitive!
Seek the rough Alps where ſnow eternal ſhine,
And joyleſs borders on the frozen Rhine,
Ah! may no cold e'er blaſt my deareſt maid,
Nor pointed ice thy tender feet invade!

WARTON.

He then turns his thoughts on every ſide, in queſt of ſomething that may ſolace or amuſe him: he propoſes happineſs to himſelf, firſt in one ſcene and then in another; and at laſt finds that nothing will ſatisfy.

Jam neque Hamadryades rurſum, nec carmina nobis
Ipſa placent: ipſæ rurſum concedite ſylvæ.
Non illum noſtri poſſunt mutare labores;
Nec ſi frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Scithoniaſque nives hyemis ſubeamus aquoſæ:
Nec ſi, cum moriens alta liber arbor in ulmo,
Æthiopum verſemus oves ſub ſidere Cancri,
Omnia vincit amor; et nos cedamus amori.

But now again no more the woodland maids,
Nor paſtoral ſongs delight —Farewel, ye ſhades—
No toils of ours the cruel god can change,
Tho' left in frozen deſerts we ſhould range;
Tho' we ſhould drink where chilling Hebrus flows,
Endure bleak winter's blaſts, and Thracian ſnows:
Or on hot India's plains our flocks ſhould feed,
Where the parch'd elm declines his ſickening head
Beneath fierce-glowing Cancer's fiery beams,
Far from cool breezes and refreſhing ſtreams.
Love ſoer all maintains reſiſtleſs ſway,
And we us love's all-conquering power obey.

WARTON.

But

But notwithſtanding the excellence of the tenth paſtoral, I cannot forbear to give the preference to the firſt, which is equally natural and more diverſified. The complaint of the ſhepherd, who ſaw his old companion at eaſe in the ſhade, while himſelf was driving his little flock he knew not whither, is ſuch as, with variation of circumſtances, miſery always utters at the ſight of proſperity.

Nos patriæ fines, & dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus: tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,
Formoſam reſonare doces Amaryllida ſylvas.

We leave our country's bounds, our much lov'd plains;
We from our country fly, unhappy ſwains!
You, Tit'rus, in the groves at leiſure laid,
Teach Amaryllis' name to every ſhade.

WARTON.

His account of the difficulties of his journey, gives a very tender image of paſtoral diſtreſs.

——————En ipſe capellas
Protenus æger ago: hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:
Hic inter denſas corylos modo namque gemellos,
Spem gregis, ah! ſilice in nuda connixa reliquit.

And lo! ſad partner of the general care,
Weary and faint I drive my goats afar!
While ſcarcely this my leading hand ſuſtains,
Tir'd with the way, and recent from her pains;
For 'mid yon tangled hazels as we paſt,
On the bare flints her hopeleſs twin ſhe caſt,
The hopes and promiſe of my ruin'd fold!

WARTON.

The deſcription of Virgil's happineſs in his little farm, combines almoſt all the images of rural pleaſure; and he, therefore that can read it with indifference, has no ſenſe of paſtoral poetry:

Fortunate ſenex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
Et tibi magna ſatis; quam vis lapis omnia nudus,
Limoſoque palus obducat paſcua junco,

Non inſueta gravis tentabunt pabula fœtas,
Nec mala vicini pecoris contagia lædent.
Fortunate ſenex, his inter flumina nota,
Et fontes ſacros, frigus captabis opacum,
Hinc tibi, quæ ſemper vicino ab limite ſepes,
Hyblæis apibus florem depaſta falicti,
Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro.
Hinc altâ ſub rupe canet frondator ad auras:
Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aërio ceſſabit turtur ab ulmo.

Happy old man! then ſtill thy farms reflor'd,
Enough for thee, ſhall bleſs thy frugal board.
What tho' rough ſtones the naked ſoil o'erſpread,
Or maſhy bulruſh rear its wat'ry head,
No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall fear,
No touch contagious ſpread its influence here.
Happy old man! here 'mid th' accuſtom'd ſtreams
And ſacred ſprings, you'll ſhun the ſcorching beams;
While from yon willow-fence, thy paſture's bound,
The bees that ſuck their flow'ry ſtores around,
Shall ſweetly mingle, with the whiſpering boughs,
Their lulling murmurs, and invite repoſe:
While from ſteep rocks the pruner's ſong is heard;
Nor the ſoft-cooing dove, thy fav'rite bird,
Mean while ſhall ceaſe to breathe her melting ſtrain,
Nor turtles from th' aërial elm to plain.

WARTON.

It may be obſerved, that theſe two poems were produced by events that really happened; and may, therefore, be of uſe to prove, that we can always feel more than we can imagine, and that the moſt artful fiction muſt give way to truth.

T

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant

DUBIUS.

No.

No. XCIII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet
Ut Magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
HOR.

'Tis he who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each paſſion that he feigns;
Enrage, compoſe, with more than magic art;
With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
POPE.

WRITERS of a mixed character, that abound in tranſcendent beauties and in groſs imperfections, are the moſt proper and moſt pregnant ſubjects for criticiſm. The regularity and correctneſs of a Virgil or Horace, almoſt confine their commentators to perpetual panegyric, and afford them few opportunities of diverſifying their remarks by the detection of latent blemiſhes. For this reaſon, I am inclined to think, that a few obſervations on the writings of Shakeſpeare, will not be deemed uſeleſs or unentertaining, becauſe he exhibits more numerous examples of excellencies and faults, of every kind, than are, perhaps, to be diſcovered in any other author. I ſhall, therefore, from time to time, examine his merit as a poet, without blind admiration or wanton invective.

As Shakeſpeare is ſometimes blameable for the conduct of his fables which have no unity; and ſometimes for his diction, which is obſcure and turgid; ſo his characteriſtical excellencies may poſſibly be reduced to theſe three general heads: "his lively creative imagination; "his ſtrokes of nature and paſſion; and his preſervation "of the conſiſtency of his characters." Theſe excellencies, particularly the laſt, are of ſo much importance in the drama, that they amply compenſate for his tranſgreſſions againſt the rules of time and place which being of a more mechanical nature, are often ſtrictly obſerved

by a genius of the loweſt order; but to portray characters naturally, and to preſerve them uniformly, requires ſuch an intimate knowledge of the heart of man, and is ſo rare a portion of felicity, as to have been enjoyed, perhaps only by two writers, Homer and Shakeſpeare.

Of all the plays of Shakeſpeare, the Tempeſt is the moſt ſtriking inſtance of his creative power. He has there given the reins to his boundleſs imagination, and has carried the romantic, the wonderful, and the wild, to the moſt pleaſing extravagance. The ſcene is a deſolate iſland; and the characters the moſt new and ſingular that can well be conceived: a prince who practiſes magic, an attendant ſpirit, a monſter the ſon of a witch, and a young lady who had been brought to this ſolitude in her infancy, and had never beheld a man except her father.

As I have affirmed that Shakeſpeare's chief excellence is the conſiſtency of his characters, I will exemplify the truth of this remark, by pointing out ſome maſter-ſtrokes of this nature in the drama before us.

The poet artfully acquaints us that Proſpero is a magician, by the very firſt words which his daughter Miranda ſpeaks to him:

> If by your art, my deareſt father, you have
> Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:

which intimate that the tempeſt deſcribed in the preceding ſcene, was the effect of Proſpero's power. The manner in which he was driven from his dukedom of Milan, and landed afterwards on this ſolitary iſland, accompanied only by his daughter, is immediately introduced in a ſhort and natural narration.

The officers of his attendant ſpirit, Ariel, are enumerated with amazing wildneſs of fancy, and yet with equal propriety: his employment is ſaid to be,

> ——To tread the ooze
> Of the ſalt deep;
> To run upon the ſharp wind of the north;
> To do—buſineſs in the veins o' th' earth,
> When it is bak'd with froſt;
> ——to dive into the fire; to ride
> On the curl'd clouds.

In

In deſcribing the place in which he has concealed the Neapolitan ſhip, Ariel expreſſes the ſecrecy of its ſituation by the following circumſtance, which artfully glances at another of his ſervices;

—— In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'ſt me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the ſtill-vext Bermudas.

Ariel, being one of thoſe elves or ſpirits, "whoſe "paſtime is to make midnight muſhrooms, and who "rejoice to liſten to the ſolemn curfew;" by whoſe aſſiſtance, Proſpero has bedimmed the ſun at noon-tide,

And 'twixt the green ſea and the azur'd vault,
Set roaring war;

has a ſet of ideas and images peculiar to his ſtation and office; a beauty of the ſame kind with that which is ſo juſtly admired in the Adam of Milton, whoſe manners and ſentiments are all Paradiſaical. How delightfully and how ſuitably to his character, are the habitations and paſtimes of this inviſible being pointed out in the following exquiſite ſong!

Where the bee ſucks, there ſuck I:
In a cowſlip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After ſun-ſet, merrily.
Merrily merrily ſhall I live now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough.

Mr. Pope, whoſe imagination has been thought by ſome the leaſt of his excellencies, has doubtleſs, conceived and carried on the machinery in his "Rape of the Lock," with vaſt exuberance of fancy. The images, cuſtoms, and employments of his Sylphs, are exactly adapted to their natures, are peculiar and appropriated, are all, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, Sylphiſh. The enumeration of the puniſhments they were to undergo, if they neglected their charge, would, on account of its poetry and propriety, and eſpecially the mixture of

oblique ſatire, be ſuperior to any circumſtances in Shakeſpeare's Ariel, if we could ſuppoſe Pope to have been unacquainted with the Tempeſt, when he wrote this part of his accompliſhed poem.

—— She did confine thee
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully remain
A dozen years: within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy groans,
As faſt as mill-wheels ſtrike.

If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'ſt howl'd away twelve winters.

For this beſure, to night thou ſhalt have cramps,
Side-ſtitches that ſhall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vaſt of night that they may work,
All exerciſe on thee; thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey combs, each pinch more ſtinging
Than bees that made 'em.

If thou neglect'ſt or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches: make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

SHAKESPEARE.

Whatever ſpirit, careleſs of his charge
Forſakes his poſt or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin eſſence like a ſhriveil'd flow'r:
Or as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below! POPE.

The

The method which is taken to induce Ferdinand to believe that his father was drowned in the late tempeſt, is exceedingly ſolemn and ſtriking. He is ſitting upon a ſolitary rock, and weeping over-againſt the place where he imagined his father was wrecked, when he ſuddenly hears with aſtoniſhment aërial muſic creep by him upon the waters, and the ſpirit gives him the following information in words not proper for any but a ſpirit to utter:

Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made
Thoſe are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a ſea-change,
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange.

And then follows a moſt lively circumſtance;

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! now I hear them—Ding-dong-bell!

This is ſo truly poetical, that one can ſcarce forbear exclaiming with Ferdinand,

There is no mortal buſineſs, nor no ſound
That the earth owns!—

The happy verſatility of Shakeſpeare's genius enables him to excel in lyric as well as in dramatic poeſy.

But the poet riſes ſtill higher in his management of this character of Ariel, by making a moral uſe of it, that is, I think, incomparable, and the greateſt effort of his art. Ariel informs Proſpero, that he has fulfilled his orders, and puniſhed his brother and companions ſo ſeverely, that if he himſelf was now to behold their ſufferings, he would greatly compaſſionate them. To which Proſpero anſwers,

—Doſt thou think ſo ſpirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I human.
Proſpero. And mine ſhall.

Me

He then takes occaſion, with wonderful dexterity and humanity, to draw an argument from the incorporeality of Ariel, for the juſtice and neceſſity of pity and forgiveneſs:

Haſt thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions; and ſhall not myſelf,
One of their kind, that reliſh all as ſharply,
Paſſion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

The poet is a more powerful magician than his own Proſpero: we are tranſported into fairy land; we are wrapt in a delicious dream, from which it is miſery to be diſturbed; all around is enchantment.

——The iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twanging inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears, and ſometimes voices;
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then in dreaming
The clouds, methought, would open and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me:—when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again!

SATURDAY,

No. XCIV. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29.

Monſtro quod ipſe tibi poſſis dare. JUV.

——What I ſhew,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow.

DRYDEN.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

YOU have ſomewhat diſcouraged the hope of idleneſs by ſhewing, that whoever compares the number of thoſe who have poſſeſſed fortuitous advantages, and of thoſe who have been diſappointed in their expectations, will have little reaſon to regiſter himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

But as we have ſeen thouſands ſubſcribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; ſo idleneſs will ſtill preſume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of poſſibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the ſtores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by induſtry, will be eaten without reliſh, if it is not waſted in riot; and that all who become poſſeſſed of the immediate object of their hope, without any efforts of their own, will be diſappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is ſpent in the proſecution of ſome purpoſe to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, proſecute with ſucceſs: for this reaſon it is abſurd to dread buſineſs, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleaſure. Buſineſs is that by which induſtry purſues its purpoſe, and the purpoſe of induſtry is ſeldom diſappointed: he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himſelf perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happineſs which nature has allotted to thoſe hours, that are not ſpent in the immediate gratification of appetites

by

by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to ſupply the wants of others. The end propoſed by the buſy, is various as their temper, conſtitution, habits, and circumſtances: but in the labour itſelf is the enjoyment, whether it be purſued to ſupply the neceſſaries or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace: for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleaſure is at an end, till the object of deſire is again placed at a diſtance, and our powers are again employed to obtained it with apparent ſucceſs. Nor is the value of life leſs, than if our enjoyment did not thus conſiſt in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleaſure which would otherwiſe be contracted within an hour, is diffuſed through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil is confeſſed to be an increaſe of miſery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an acceſſion of happineſs.

The moſt numerous claſs of thoſe who preſume to hope for miraculous advantages, is that of gameſters. But by gameſters, I do not mean the gentlemen who ſtake an eſtate, againſt the cunning of thoſe who have none: for I leave the cure of lunatics to the profeſſors of phyſic: I mean the diſſolute and indigent, who in the common phraſe put themſelves in fortune's way, and expect from her bounty that which they eagerly deſire, and yet believe to be too dearly purchaſed by diligence and induſtry; tradeſmen who neglect their buſineſs, to ſquander in faſhionable follies more than it can produce; and ſwaggerers who rank themſelves with gentlemen, merely becauſe they have no buſineſs to purſue.

The gameſter of this claſs will appear to be equally wretched, whether his hope be fulfilled or diſappointed; the object of it depends upon a contingency, over which he has no influence; he purſues no purpoſe with gradual and preceptible ſucceſs, and, therefore, cannot enjoy the pleaſure which ariſes from the anticipation of its accompliſhment; his mind is perpetually on the rack; he is anxious in proportion to the eagerneſs of his deſire, and his inability to effect it; to the pangs of ſuſpence, ſucceed

thoſe

thoſe of diſappointment; and a momentary gain only embitters the loſs that follows. Such is the life of him, who ſhuns buſineſs becauſe he would ſecure leiſure for enjoyment: except it happens, againſt the odds of a million to one, that a run of ſucceſs puts him into the poſſeſſion of a ſum ſufficient to ſubſiſt him in idleneſs the remainder of his life: and in this caſe, the idleneſs which made him wretched while he waited for the bounty of fortune, will neceſſarily keep him wretched after it is beſtowed; he will find, that in the gratification of his appetites he can fill but a ſmall portion of his time, and that theſe appetites themſelves are weakened by every attempt to increaſe the enjoyment which they were intended to ſupply; he will, therefore, either doze away life in a kind of liſtleſs indolence, which he deſpairs to exalt into felicity, or he will imagine that the good he wants is to be obtained by an increaſe of his wealth, by a larger houſe, a more ſplendid equipage, and a more numerous retinue. If with this notion he has again recourſe to the altar of fortune, he will either be undeceived by a new ſeries of ſucceſs, or he will be reduced to his original indigence by the loſs of that which he knew not how to enjoy: if this happens, of which there is the higheſt degree of probability, he will inſtantly become more wretched in proportion as he was rich; though, while he was rich, he was not more happy in proportion as he had been poor. Whatever is won, is reduced by experiment to its intrinſic value; whatever is loſt, is heightened by imagination to more. Wealth is no ſooner diſſipated, than its inanity is forgotten, and it is regretted as the means of happineſs which it was not found to afford. The gameſter, therefore, of whatever claſs, plays againſt manifeſt odds; ſince that which he wins he diſcovers to be braſs, and that which he loſes he values as gold. And it ſhould alſo be remarked, that in this eſtimate of his life, I have not ſuppoſed him to loſe a ſingle ſtake which he had not firſt won.

But though gaming in general is wiſely prohibited by the legiſlature, as productive not only of private but of public evil: yet there is one ſpecies to which all are

ſometimes

ſometimes invited, which equally encourages the hope of idleneſs, and relaxes the vigour of induſtry.

Ned Froth, who had been ſeveral years butler in a family of diſtinction, having ſaved about four hundred pounds, took a little houſe in the ſuburbs, and laid in a ſtock of liquors for which he paid ready money, and which were, therefore, the beſt of the kind. Ned perceived his trade increaſe; he purſued it with freſh alacrity, he exulted in his ſucceſs, and the joy of his heart ſparkled in his countenance: but it happened that Ned, in the midſt of his happineſs and proſperity, was prevailed upon to buy a lottery ticket. The moment his hope was fixed upon an object which induſtry could not obtain, he determined to be induſtrious no longer: to draw drink for a dirty and boiſterous rabble, was a ſlavery to which he now ſubmitted with reluctance, and he longed for the moment in which he ſhould be free: inſtead of telling his ſtory, and cracking his joke for the entertainment of his cuſtomers, he received them with indifference, was obſerved to be ſilent and ſullen, and amuſed himſelf by going three or four times a day to ſearch the regiſter of fortune for the ſucceſs of his ticket.

In this diſpoſition Ned was ſitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-ſide, wholly abſtracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere poſſibility, and the next ſhuddering with the dread of loſing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. A man well dreſſed entered haſtily, and enquired for him of his gueſts, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curſt him for his deafneſs and ſtupidity, before Ned ſtarted up as from a dream, and aſked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the ſtranger, gave Ned ſome offence; but the next moment he catched him in his arms in a tranſport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the firſt claſs.

It

It was not, however, long before Ned diſcovered that ten thouſand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a diſcovery which generally produce the diſſipation of ſudden affluence by prodigality. Ned drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine clothes; he bred riots at Vauxhall, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But ſomething was ſtill wanting; and he reſolved to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage: but in the execution of this project, he loſt the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have ſtaked he could not find. This ſum was more than that which had eſtabliſhed him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a ſtation that was once the utmoſt of his ambition, and of renewing that purſuit which alone had made him happy, ſuch was the pungency of his regret, that in the deſpair of recovering the money which he knew had produced nothing but riot, diſeaſe, and vexation, he threw himſelf from the Bridge into the Thames.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

CAUTUS.

No. XCV. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2.

——Dulcique animos novitate tenebo. OVID.

And with ſweet novelty your ſoul detain.

IT is often charged upon writers, that with all their pretenſions to genius and diſcoveries, they do little more than copy one another; and that compoſitions obtruded upon the world with the pomp of novelty, contain only tedious repetitions of common ſentiments, or

at beſt exhibit a tranſpoſition of known images, and give a new appearance to truth only by ſome ſlight difference of dreſs and decoration.

The allegation of reſemblance between authors, is indiſputably true; but the charge of plagiariſm, which is raiſed upon it, is not to be allowed with equal readineſs. A coincidence of ſentiment may eaſily happen without any communication, ſince there are many occaſions in which all reaſonable men will nearly think alike. Writers of all ages have had the ſame ſentiments, becauſe they have in all ages had the ſame objects of ſpeculation; the intereſts and paſſions, the virtues and vices of mankind, have been diverſified in different times, only by uneſſential and caſual varieties; and we muſt, therefore, expect in the works of all thoſe who attempt to deſcribe them, ſuch a likeneſs as we find in the pictures of the ſame perſon drawn in different periods of his life.

It is neceſſary, therefore, that before an author be charged with plagiariſm, one of the moſt reproachful, though perhaps, not the moſt atrocious of literary crimes, the ſubject on which he treats ſhould be carefully conſidered. We do not wonder, that hiſtorians, relating the ſame facts, agree in their narration; or that authors, delivering the elements of ſcience, advance the ſame theorems, and lay down the ſame definitions: yet it is not wholly without uſe to mankind, that books are multiplied, and that different authors lay out their labours on the ſame ſubject; for there will always be ſome reaſon why one ſhould on particular occaſions, or to particular perſons, be preferable to another; ſome will be clear where others are obſcure, ſome will pleaſe by their ſtyle and others by their method, ſome by their embelliſhments and others by their ſimplicity, ſome by cloſeneſs and others by diffuſion.

The ſame indulgence is to be ſhewn to the writers of morality: right and wrong are immutable; and thoſe, therefore, who teach us to diſtinguiſh them, if they all teach us right, muſt agree with one another. The relations of ſocial life, and the duties reſulting from them, muſt be the ſame at all times and in all nations: ſome petty

petty difference may be, indeed, produced, by forms of government or arbitrary cuſtoms; but the general doctrine can receive no alteration.

Yet it is not to be deſired, that morality ſhould be conſidered as interdicted to all future writers: men will always be tempted to deviate from their duty, and will, therefore, always want a monitor to recal them; and a new book often ſeizes the attention of the public, without any other claim than that it is new. There is likewiſe in compoſition, as in other things, a perpetual viciſſitude of faſhion; and truth is recommended at one time to regard, by appearances which at another would expoſe it to neglect; the author, therefore, who has judgment to diſcern the taſte of his contemporaries, and ſkill to gratify it, will have always an opportunity to deſerve well of mankind, by conveying inſtruction to them in a grateful vehicle.

There are likewiſe many modes of compoſition, by which a moraliſt may deſerve the name of an original writer: he may familiariſe his ſyſtem by dialogues after the manner of the ancients, or ſubtilize it into a ſeries of ſyllogiſtic arguments; he may enforce his doctrine by ſeriouſneſs and ſolemnity, or enliven it by ſprightlineſs and gaiety; he may deliver his ſentiments in naked precepts, or illuſtrate them by hiſtorical examples; he may detain the ſtudious by the artful concatenation of a continued diſcourſe, or relieve the buſy by ſhort ſtrictures, and unconnected eſſays.

To excel in any of theſe forms of writing, will require a particular cultivation of the genius; whoever can attain to excellence, will be certain to engage a ſet of readers, whom no other method would have equally allured; and he that communicates truth with ſucceſs, muſt be numbered among the firſt benefactors to mankind.

The ſame obſervation may be extended likewiſe to the paſſions: their influence is uniform, and thier effects nearly the ſame in every human breaſt: a man loves and hates, deſires and avoids, exactly like his neighbour; reſentment and ambition, avarice and indolence, diſco-

ver themſelves by the ſame ſymptoms, in minds diſtant a thouſand years from one another.

Nothing, therefore, can be more unjuſt, than to charge an author with plagiariſm, merely becauſe he aſſigns to every cauſe its natural effect; and makes his perſonages act, as others in like circumſtances have always done. There are conceptions in which all men will agree, though each derives them from his own obſervation: whoever has been in love, will repreſent a lover impatient of every idea that interrupts his meditations on his miſtreſs retiring to ſhades and ſolitude, that he may amuſe without diſturbance on his approaching happineſs, or aſſociating himſelf with ſome friend that flatters his paſſion, and talking away the hours of abſence upon his darling ſubject. Whoever has been ſo unhappy as to have felt the miſeries of long-continued hatred, will, without any aſſiſtance from ancient volumes, be able to relate how the paſſions are kept in perpetual agitation, by the recollection of injury, and meditations of revenge; how the blood boils at the name of the enemy, and life is worn away in contrivances of miſchief.

Every other paſſion is alike ſimple and limited, if it be conſidered only with regard to the breaſt which it inhabits; the anatomy of the mind, as that of the body, muſt perpetually exhibit the ſame appearances; and though by the continued induſtry of ſucceſſive inquirers, new movements will be from time to time diſcovered, they can affect only the minuter parts, and are commonly of more curioſity than importance.

It will now be natural to inquire, by what arts are the writers of the preſent and future ages to attract the notice and favour af mankind. They are to obſerve the alterations which time is always making in the modes of life, that they may gratify every generation with a picture of themſelves. Thus love is uniform, but courtſhip is perpetually varying: the different arts of gallantry, which beauty has inſpired, would of themſelves be ſufficient to fill a volume; ſometimes balls and ſerenades, ſometimes tournaments and adventures have been employed to melt the hearts of ladies, who in another century

century have been ſenſible of ſcarce any other merit than that of riches, and liſtened only to jointures and pin-money. Thus the ambitious man has at all times been eager of wealth and power; but theſe hopes have been gratified in ſome countries by ſupplicating the people, and in others by flattering the prince: honour in ſome ſtates has been only the reward of military atchievments, in others it has been gained by noiſy turbulence and popular clamours. Avarice has worn a different form as ſhe actuated the uſurer of Rome, and the ſtock-jobber of England; and idleneſs itſelf, how little ſoever inclined to the trouble of invention, has been forced from time to time to change its amuſements, and contrive different methods of wearing out the day.

Here then is the fund, from which thoſe who ſtudy mankind may fill their compoſitions with an inexhauſtible variety of images and alluſions: and he muſt be confeſſed to look with little attention upon ſcenes thus perpetually changing, who cannot catch ſome of the figures before they are made vulgar by reiterated deſcriptions.

It has been diſcovered by Sir Iſaac Newton, that the diſtinct and primogenial colours are only ſeven; but every eye can witneſs, that from various mixtures, in various proportions, infinite diverſifications of tints may be produced. In like manner, the paſſions of the mind, which put the world in motion, and produce all the buſtle and eagerneſs of the buſy crowds that ſwarm upon the earth; the paſſions, from whence ariſe all the pleaſures and pains that we ſee and hear of, if we analyſe the mind of man, are very few; but thoſe few agitated and combined, as external cauſes ſhall happen to operate, and modified by prevailing opinions and accidental caprices, make ſuch frequent alterations on the ſurface of life, that the ſhow, while we are buſied in delineating it vaniſhes from the view and a new ſet of objects ſucceed, doomed to the ſame ſhortneſs of duration with the former: thus curioſity may always find employment, and the buſy part of mankind will furniſh the contemplative with the materials of ſpeculation to the end of time

The complaint, therefore, that all topics are preoccupied, is nothing more than the murmur of ignorance or

idleneſs, by which ſome diſcourage others and ſome themſelves: the mutability of mankind will always furniſh writers with new images, and the luxuriance of fancy may always embelliſh them with new decorations.

T

No. XCVI. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

——Fortunatos nimium, ſua ſi bona norint. VIRG.

O happy, if ye knew your happy ſtate! DRYDEN.

IN proportion as the enjoyment and infelicity of life depend upon imagination, it is of importance that this power of the mind ſhould be directed in its operations by reaſon; and, perhaps, imagination is more frequently buſy when it can only imbitter diſappointment and heighten calamity; and more frequently ſlumbers when it might increaſe the triumph of ſucceſs, or animate inſenſibility to happineſs, than is generally perceived.

An eccleſiaſtical living of conſiderable value became vacant, and Evander obtained a recommendation to the patron. His friend had too much modeſty to ſpeak with confidence of the ſucceſs of an application ſupported chiefly by his intereſt, and Evander knew that others had ſolicited before him; as he was not, therefore much elevated by hope, he believed he ſhould not be greatly depreſſed by a diſappointment. The gentleman to whom he was recommended, received him with great courteſy; but upon reading the letter, he changed countenance, and diſcovered indubitable tokens of vexation and regret; then taking Evander by the hand, "Sir," ſaid he, "I think "it ſcarce leſs a misfortune to myſelf than you, that you "was not five minutes ſooner in your application. The "gentleman whoſe recommendation you bring, I wiſh "more than any other to oblige; but I have juſt preſented "the living, to the perſon, whom you ſaw take his leave "when you entered the room."

This

This declaration was a ſtroke, which Evander had neither ſkill to elude, nor force to reſiſt. The ſtrength of his intereſt, though it was not known time enough to increaſe his hope, and his being too late only a few minutes, though he had reaſon to believe his application had been precluded by as many days, were circumſtances which imagination immediately improved to aggravate his diſappointment: over theſe he muſed perpetually with inexpreſſible anguiſh, he related them to every friend, and lamented them with the moſt paſſionate exclamations. And yet, what happened to Evander more than he expected? nothing that he poſſeſſed was diminiſhed, nor was any poſſibility of advantage cut off: with reſpect to theſe and every other reality, he was in the ſame ſtate. as if he had never heard of the vacancy, which he had ſome chance to fill: but Evander groaned under the tyranny of imagination, and a fit of cauſeleſs fretfulneſs caſt away peace, becauſe time was not ſtopped in its career, and a miracle did not interpoſe to ſecure him a living.

Agenor, on whom the living which Evander ſolicited was beſtowed, never conceived a ſingle doubt that he ſhould fail in his attempt: his character was unexceptionable, and his recommendation ſuch as it was believed no other could counterbalance; he, therefore received the bounty of his patron without much emotion; he regarded his ſucceſs as an event produced, like rain and ſun-ſhine, by the common and regular operation of natural cauſes; and took poſſeſſion of his rectory with the ſame temper, that he would have reaped a field he had ſown, or received the intereſt of a ſum which he had placed in the funds. But having, by accident, heard the report which had been circulated by the friends of Evander, he was at once ſtruck with a ſenſe of his good fortune; and was ſo affected by a retroſpect on his danger, that he could ſcarce believe it to be paſt. "How providential," ſaid he, "was it, that I did not ſtay to drink another diſh "of tea at breakfaſt, that I found a hackney-coach at "the end of the ſtreet, and that I met with no ſtop by "the way!" What an alteration was produced in Agenor's conception of the advantage of his ſituation, and the means

means by which it was obtained! and yet at laſt he had gained nothing more than he expected; his danger was not known time enough to alarm his fear; the value of his acquiſition was not increaſed; nor had Providence interpoſed farther than to exclude chance from the government of the world. But Agenor did not before reflect that any gratitude was due to Providence but for a miracle; he did not enjoy his preferment as a gift, nor eſtimate his gain but by the probability of loſs.

As ſucceſs and diſappointment are under the influence of imagination, ſo are eaſe and health; each of which may be conſidered as a kind of negative good, that may either degenerate into wearineſs and diſcontent, or be improved into complacency and enjoyment.

About three weeks ago I paid an afternoon viſit to Curio. Curio is the proprietor of an eſtate which produces three thouſand pounds a year, and the huſband of a lady remarkable for her beauty and her wit; his age is that in which manhood is ſaid to be complete, his conſtitution is vigorous, his perſon graceful, and his underſtanding ſtrong. I found him in full health, lolling in an eaſy chair; his countenance was florid, he was gaily dreſſed, and ſurrounded with all the means of happineſs which wealth well uſed could beſtow. After the firſt ceremonies had paſſed, he threw himſelf again back in his chair upon my having refuſed it looked wiſtfully, at his fingers ends, croſſed his legs, enquired the news of the day, and in the midſt of all poſſible advantages ſeemed to poſſeſs life with a liſtleſs indifference, which, if he could have preſerved in contrary circumſtances, would have inveſted him with the dignity of a ſtoic,

It happened that yeſterday I paid Curio another viſit. I found him in his chamber; his head was ſwathed in flannel, and his countenance was pale. I was alarmed at theſe appearances of diſeaſe; and enquired with an honeſt ſolicitude how he did. The moment he heard my queſtion, he ſtarted from his ſeat, ſprang towards me, caught me by the hand, and told me in an extacy, that he was in heaven.

What

What difference in Curio's circumſtances produced this difference in his ſenſations and behaviour? What prodigious advantage had now accrued to the man, who before had eaſe and health, youth, affluence, and beauty? Curio, during the ten days that preceded my laſt viſit, had been tormented with the tooth-ach; and had within the laſt hour been reſtored to eaſe, by having the tooth drawn.

And is human reaſon ſo impotent, and imagination ſo perverſe, that eaſe cannot be enjoyed till it has been taken away? Is it not poſſible to improve negative into poſitive happineſs, by reflection? Can he who poſſeſſes eaſe and health, whoſe food is taſteful, and whoſe ſleep is ſweet, remember without exultation and delight, the ſeaſons in which he has pined in the languor of inappetence, and counted the watches of the night with reſtleſs anxiety.

Is an acquieſcence in the diſpenſations of Unerring Wiſdom, by which ſome advantage appears to be denied, without recalling trivial and accidental circumſtances that can only aggravate diſappointment, impoſſible to reaſonable beings? And is a ſenſe of the Divine Bounty neceſſarily languid, in proportion as that bounty appears to be leſs doubtful and interrupted?

Every man, ſurely, would bluſh to admit theſe ſuppoſitions; let every man, therefore, deny them by his life. He, who brings imagination under the dominion of reaſon, will be able to diminiſh the evil of life, and to increaſe the good; he will learn to reſign with complacency, to receive with gratitude, and poſſeſs with cheerfulneſs: and as in this conduct there is not only wiſdom but virtue, he will under every calamity be able to rejoice in hope, and to anticipate the felicity of that ſtate, in which, "the Spirits of the juſt ſhall be made perfect."

SATURDAY

No. XCVII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 9.

Χρη δε και εν τοις ηθεσιν ωσπερ και εν τη των πραγματων συστασει, αει ζητειν, ἡ τι αναγκαιον, ἡ το εικος.

ARISTOT.

As well in the conduct of the manners as in the constitution of the fable, we must always endeavour to produce either what is necessary or what is probable.

"WHOEVER ventures," says Horace, "to form "a character totally original, let him endeavour "to preserve it with uniformity and consistency; but the "formation of an original character is a work of great "difficulty and hazard." In this arduous and uncommon task, however, Shakespeare has wonderfully succeeded in his Tempest: the monster Caliban is the creature of his own imagination, in the formation of which he could derive no assistance from observation or experience.

Caliban is the son of a witch, begotten by a demon: the sorceries of his mother were so terrible, that her countrymen banished her into this desert island as unfit for human society: in conformity, therefore, to this diabolical propagation, he is represented as a prodigy of cruelty malice, pride, ignorance, idleness, gluttony, and lust. He is introduced with great propriety, cursing Prospero and Miranda whom he had endeavoured to defile; and his execrations are artfully contrived to have reference to the occupation of his mother:

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both!
——— ——— All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

His kindness is, afterwards, expressed as much in character, as his hatred, by an enumeration of offices, that could be of value only in a desolate island, and in the estimation of a savage:

I pr'ythee

I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt; and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmazet. I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberts; and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young ſea-malls from the rock ——
I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings: I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.

Which laſt is, indeed, a circumſtance of great uſe in a place, where to be defended from the cold was neither eaſy nor uſual; and it has a farther peculiar beauty, becauſe the gathering wood was the occupation to which Caliban was ſubjected by Proſpero, who, therefore, deemed it a ſervice of high importance.

The groſs ignorance of this monſter is repreſented with delicate judgment; he knew not the names of the ſun and moon, which he calls the bigger light and the leſs; and he believes that Stephano was the man in the moon, whom his miſtreſs had often ſhewn him: and when Proſpero reminds him that he firſt taught him to pronounce articulately, his anſwer is full of malevolence and rage:

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe:

the propereſt return for ſuch a fiend to make for ſuch a favour. The ſpirits whom he ſuppoſes to be employed by Proſpero perpetually to torment him, and the many forms and different methods, they take for this purpoſe, are deſcribed with the utmoſt livelineſs and force of fancy:

Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometimes am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiſs me into madneſs.

It is ſcarcely poſſible for any ſpeech to be more expreſſive of the manners and ſentiments, than that in which our

our poet has painted the brutal barbarity and unfeeling ſavageneſs of this ſon of Sycorax, by making him enumerate, with a kind of horible delight, the various ways in which it was poſſible for the drunken ſailors to ſurprize and kill his maſter:

——There thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his ſkull; or paunch him with a ſtake;
Or cut his wezand with thy knife——

He adds, in alluſion to his own abominable attempt, "above all be ſure to ſecure the daughter; whoſe beauty, he tells them, is incomparable." The charms of Miranda could not be more exalted, than by extorting this teſtimoy from ſo inſenſible a monſter.

Shakeſpeare ſeems to be the only poet who poſſeſſes the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an inſtance more ſtriking, than the image of Calyban makes uſe of to expreſs ſilence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly ſuited to the wildneſs of the ſpeaker:

Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a fool fall.——

I always lament that our author has not preſerved this fierce and implacable ſpirit in Calyban, to the end of the play; inſtead of which, he has, I think, injudiciouſly put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and underſtanding:

——I'll be wiſe hereafter
And ſeek for grace. What a thrice double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God,
And worſhip this dull fool?

It muſt not be forgotton, that Shakeſpeare has artfully taken occaſion from this extraordinary character, which is finely contraſted to the mildneſs and obedience of Ariel, obliquely to ſatirize the prevailing paſſion for new and wonderful ſights, which has rendered the Engliſh ſo ridiculous. "Were I in England now," ſays Trinculo,

Trinculo, on first discovering Calyban, " and had but " this fish painted, not an holiday fool there but " would give a piece of silver——When they will not " give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay " out ten to see a dead Indian."

Such is the inexhaustible plenty of our poet's invention, that he has exhibited another character in this play, entirely his own; that of the lovely and innocent Miranda.

When Prospero first gives her a sight of prince Ferdinand, she eagerly exclaims,

——What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Her imagining that as he was so beautiful he must necessarily be one of her father's aërial agents, is a stroke of nature worthy admiration: as are likewise her intreaties to her father not to use him harshly, by the power of his art;

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for!——

Here we perceive the beginning of that passion, which Prospero was desirous she should feel for the prince; and which she afterwards more fully expresses upon an occasion which displays at once the tenderness, the innocence, and the simplicity of her character. She discovers her lover employed in the laborious task of carrying wood, which Prospero enjoined him to perform. " Would," says she, " the lightning had burnt up " those logs, that you are enjoined to pile!"

——If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile——
——You look wearily.

It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakespeare has more truly painted

the paſſions than any other writer: affection is more powerfully expreſſed by this ſimple wiſh and offer of aſſiſtance, than by the unnatural eloquence and witticiſms of Dryden, or the amorous declamations of Rowe.

The reſentment of Proſpero, for the matchleſs cruelty and wicked uſurpation of his brother; his parental affection and ſolicitude for the welfare of his daughter, the heireſs of his dukedom; and the awful ſolemnity of his character, as a ſkilful magician; are all along preſerved with equal conſiſtency, dignity, and decorum. One part of his behaviour deſerves to be particularly pointed out: during the exhibition of a maſk with which he had ordered Ariel to entertain Ferdinand and Miranda, he ſtarts ſuddenly from the recollection of the conſpiracy of Caliban and his confederates againſt his life, and diſmiſſes his attendant ſpirits, who inſtantly vaniſh to a hollow and confuſed noiſe. He appears to be greatly moved; and ſuitably to this agitation of mind, which his danger has excited, he takes occaſion, from the ſudden diſappearance of the viſionary ſcene, to moralize on the diſſolution of all things:

——These our actors
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits: and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of this viſion,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And like this unſubſtantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind——

To theſe noble images he adds a ſhort but comprehenſive obſervation on human life, not excelled by any paſſage of the moral and ſententious Euripides:

——We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep!——

Thus admirably is an uniformity of character, that leading beauty in dramatic poetry, preſerved throughout the

the Tempeſt. And it may be farther remarked, that the unities of action, of place, and of time, are in this play, though almoſt conſtantly violated by Shakeſpeare, exactly obſerved. The action is one, great and entire, the reſtoration of Proſpero to his dukedom; this buſineſs is tranſacted on a ſmall iſland, and in or near the cave of Proſpero; though, indeed, it had been more artful and regular to have confined it to this ſingle ſpot; and the time which the action takes up, is only equal to that of the repreſentation; an excellence which ought always to be aimed at in every well-conducted fable, and for the want of which a variety of the moſt entertaining incidents can ſcarcely atone.

Z

No. XCVIII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13.

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis eſſe aliqui. JUV

Woud'ſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death or baniſhment deſerves.
DRYDEN.

To the Adventurer,

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirſt of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can ſit ſtill long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and ſpirit, who could conquer the world if he was to ſet about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the neceſſary attention to any ſcheme of length.

I am, in ſhort, one of thoſe heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the titles of Buck, Blood, and Nerve. When I am in the

country, I am always on horſe-back, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that ſtands in my way: when I am in town, I am conſtantly to be ſeen at ſome of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vaux-hall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I do not love wine, I am obliged to be conſumedly drunk five or ſix nights in the week: nay ſometimes five or ſix days together, for the ſake of my character. Wherever I come, I am ſure to make all the confuſion, and do all the miſchief I can; not for the ſake of doing miſchief, but only out of frolic you know to ſhew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I ſwear like a devil to ſhew my courage, and talk bawdy to ſhew my wit. Under the roſe, I am a curſed favourite amongſt them; and have had "bonne for-"tune," let me tell you. I do love the little rogues helliſhly: but faith I make love for the good of the public; and the town is obliged to me for a dozen or two of the fineſt wenches that were ever brought into its ſeraglios. One, indeed, I left: and, poor fond ſoul! I pitied her! but it could not be helped---ſelf-preſervation obliged me to leave her---I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and ſo it got ſuch a head, that the devil himſelf could not have ſaved her.

There is one thing vexes me; I have much ado to avoid having that inſignificant character, a good-natured fellow fixed upon me; ſo that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down ſtairs every time I enter a night houſe: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never ſaw, demoliſh lamps, bilk hackney-coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and ſtorm night-cellars: I beat the watchmen, though he bids me good morrow, abuſe the conſtable, and inſult the juſtice: for theſe feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, proſecuted, and impriſoned; but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deſerve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-houſe, where I am juſt arrived, after a journey of fifty miles, which I have rode

rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horſe two hours ago. The dog whipped and ſpurred at ſuch a rate, that I dare ſay you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmoſt, is always my way of travelling. The moment I diſmounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a helliſh aſs t'other day. I ſhot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a curſed ſlice on the cheek againſt a flint, which put me in a paſſion; who could help it, you know? Rot me! I would not have loſt her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation. She was a ſweet creature! I would have run her five-and twenty miles within an hour, for five hundred pounds. But ſhe's gone!———Poor jade; I did love thee, that I did.

Now what you ſhall do for me old boy is this. Help to raiſe my name a little, d'ye mind: write ſomething in praiſe of us ſprightly pretty fellows. I aſſure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and it is hard we ſhould be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear; but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own buſineſs; for between you and I, both my conſtitution and eſtate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them ſpin out together as evenly as poſſible; but if my purſe ſhould happen to leak faſteſt, I propoſe to go with my laſt half-crown to Ranelagh Gardens, and there, if you approve the ſcheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

"I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
"It cannot uſe me worſe than this has done."

I'll then ſhoot myſelf through the head; and ſo good by'tye.

Yours as you ſerve me
TIM. WILDGOOSE.

I ſhould little deſerve the notice of a perſon ſo illuſtrious as the hero who honours me with the name of brother, if I ſhould cavil at his principles or refuſe his requeſt. According to the moral philoſophy which is now in faſhion, and adopted by many of "the dull dogs "who write books," the gratification of appetite is virtue; and appetite therefore, I ſhall allow to be noble, notwithſtanding the objections of thoſe who pretend, that whatever be its object, it can be good or ill in no other ſenſe than ſtature or complexion; and that the voluntary effort only is moral by which appetite is directed or reſtrained, by which it is brought under the government of reaſon, and rendered ſubſervient to moral purpoſes.

But with whatever efforts of heroic virtue my correſpondent may have laboured to gratify his "thirſt of "glory," I am afraid he will be diſappointed. It is, indeed, true, that like the heroes of antiquity, whom ſucceſſive generations have honoured with ſtatues and panegyric, he has ſpent his life in doing miſchief to others without procuring any real good to himſelf: but he has not done miſchief enough; he has not ſacked a city or fired a temple; he acts only againſt individuals in a contracted ſphere, and is loſt among a crowd of competitors, whoſe merit can only contribute to their mutual obſcurity, as the feats which are perpetually performed by innumerable adventurers muſt ſoon become too common to confer diſtinction.

In behalf of ſome among theſe candidates for fame, the legiſlator has, indeed, thought fit to interpoſe; and their atchievements are with great ſolemnity rehearſed and recorded in a temple, of which I know not the celeſtial appellation, but on earth it is called Juſtice Hall in the Old Bailey.

As the reſt are utterly neglected, I cannot think of any expedient to gratify the noble thirſt of my correſpondent and his compeers, but that of procuring them admiſſion into this claſs; an attempt in which I do not deſpair of ſucceſs, for I think I can demonſtrate their right, and I will not ſuppoſe it poſſible that when this is done they will be excluded.

Upon

Upon the moſt diligent examination of ancient hiſtory and modern panegyric, I find that no action has ever been held honourable in ſo high a degree, as killing men; this, indeed, is one of the feats which our legiſlator has thought fit to reſcue from oblivion, and reward in Juſtice Hall: it has alſo removed an abſurd diſtinction, and, contrary to the practice of pagan antiquity, has comprehended the killers of women, among thoſe who deſerve the rewards that have been decreed to homicide. Now he may fairly be conſidered as a killer, who ſeduces a young beauty from the fondneſs of a parent, with whom ſhe enjoys health and peace, the protection of the laws and the ſmile of ſociety, to the tyranny of a bawd, and the careſſes of a brothel, to diſeaſe and diſtraction, ſtripes, infamy and impriſonment; calamities which cannot fail to render her days not only evil but few. It may, perhaps, be alledged, that the woman was not wholly paſſive, but that in ſome ſenſe ſhe may be conſidered as felo de ſe. This, however, is mere cavil; for the ſame can be ſaid of him who fights when he may run away; and yet it has always been deemed more honourable to kill the combatant than the fugitive.

If this claim then of the Blood be admitted, and I do not ſee how it can be ſet aſide, I propoſe that after his remains ſhall have been reſcued from duſt and worms, and conſecrated in the temple of Hygeia, called Surgeon's Hall, his bones ſhall be purified by proper lu-trations, and erected into a ſtatue: that this ſtatue ſhall be placed in a niche, with the name of the hero of which it is at once the remains and the monument written over it, among many others of the ſame rank, in the gallery of a ſpacious building, to be erected by lottery for that purpoſe: I propoſe that this gallery be called Blood's Gallery; and to prevent the labour and expence of emblazoning the atchievements of every individual, which would be little more than repeating the ſame words, that an inſcription be placed over the door to this effect: "This gallery in ſacred to the memory and remains of

"the

" the Bloods; heroes who lived in perpetual hoſtility " againſt themſelves and others; who contracted diſeaſes " by exceſs that precluded every enjoyment, and who " continually perpetrated miſchief not in anger but ſport; " who purchaſed this diſtinction at the expence of life; " and whoſe glory would have been equal to Alexan- " der's, if their power had not been leſs."

No. XCIX. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16.

——Magnis tamen excidit auſis. OVID.

But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd. ADDISON.

IT has always been the practice of mankind, to judge of actions by the event. The ſame attempts, conducted in the ſame manner, but terminated by different ſucceſs, produce different judgements: they who attain their wiſhes, never want celebrators of their wiſdom and their virtue; and they that miſcarry, are quickly diſcovered to have been defective not only in mental but in moral qualities. The world will never be long without ſome good reaſon to hate the unhappy: their real faults are immediately detected: and if thoſe are not ſufficient to ſink them into infamy, an additional weight of calumny will be ſuperadded: he that fails in his endeavours after wealth or power, will not long retain either honeſty or courage.

This ſpecies of injuſtice has ſo long prevailed in univerſal practice, that it ſeems likewiſe to have infected ſpeculation: ſo few minds are able to ſeparate the ideas of greatneſs and proſperity, that even Sir William Temple has determined, " that he who can deſerve the name " of a hero, muſt not only be virtuous but fortunate."

By this unreaſonable diſtribution of praiſe and blame, none have ſuffered oftener than projectors, whoſe rapidity of imagination and vaſtneſs of deſign raiſe ſuch envy in their fellow mortals, that every eye watches for their fall,

fall, and every heart exults at their diſtreſſes: yet even a projector may gain favour by ſucceſs; and the tongue that was prepared to hiſs, then endeavours to excel others in loudneſs of applauſe.

When Coriolanus, in Shakeſpeare, deſerted to Aufidius, the Volſcian ſervants at firſt inſulted him, even while he ſtood under the protection of the houſehold gods; but when they, ſaw that the project took effect, and the ſtranger was ſeated at the head of the table, one of them very judiciouſly obſerves, "that he always thought there "was more in him than he could think."

Machiavel has juſtly animadverted on the different notice taken by all ſucceeding times, of the two great projectors Catiline and Cæſar. Both formed the ſame project, and intended to raiſe themſelves to power, by ſubverting the commonwealth: they purſued their deſign, perhaps, with equal abilities, and with equal virtue; but Catiline periſhed in the field, and Cæſar returned from Pharſalia with unlimited authority: and from that time, every monarch of the earth has thought himſelf honoured by a compariſon with Cæſar; and Catiline has been never mentioned, but that his name might be applied to traitors and incendiaries.

In an age more remote, Xerxes projected the conqueſt of Greece, and brought down the power of Aſia againſt it: but after the world had been filled with expectation and terror, his army was beaten, his fleet was deſtroyed, and Xerxes has been never mentioned without contempt.

A few years afterwards, Greece likewiſe had her turn of giving birth to a projector; who invading Aſia with a ſmall army, went forward in ſearch of adventures, and by his eſcape from one danger, gained only more raſhneſs to ruſh into another: he ſtormed city after city, over-ran kingdom after kingdom, fought battles only for barren victory, and invaded nations only that he might make his way through them to new invaſions: but having been fortunate in the execution of his projects, he died with the name of Alexander the Great.

Theſe are, indeed, events of ancient times; but human

man nature is always the ſame, and every age will afford us inſtances of public cenſures influenced by events. The great buſineſs of the middle centuries, was the holy war; which undoubtedly was a noble project, and was for a long time proſecuted with a ſpirit equal to that with which it had been contrived: but the ardour of the European heroes only hurried them to deſtruction; for a long time they could not gain the territories for which they fought, and, when at laſt gained, they could not keep them: their expeditions, therefore, have been the ſcoff of idleneſs and ignorance, their underſtanding and their virtue have been equally vilified, their conduct has been ridiculed, and their cauſe has been defamed.

When Columbus had engaged king Ferdinand in the diſcovery of the other hemiſphere, the ſailors, with whom he embarked in the expedition, had ſo little confidence in their commander, that after having been long at ſea looking for coaſts which they expected never to find, they raiſed a general mutiny, and demanded to return. He found means to ſooth them into a permiſſion to continue the ſame courſe three days longer, and on the evening of the third day deſcried land. Had the impatience of his crew denied him a few hours of the time requeſted, what had been his fate but to have come back with the infamy of a vain projector, who had betrayed the king's credulity to uſeleſs expences, and riſked his life in ſeeking countries that had no exiſtence? how would thoſe that rejected his propoſals, have triumphed in their acuteneſs? and when would his name have been mentioned, but with the makers of potable gold and malleable glaſs?

The laſt royal projectors with whom the world has been troubled, were Charles of Sweden and the Czar of Muſcovy. Charles, if any judgment may be formed of his deſigns by his meaſures and his enquiries, had purpoſed firſt to dethrone the Czar, then to lead his army through pathleſs deſerts into China, thence to make his way by the ſword through the whole circuit of Aſia, and by the conqueſt of Turkey to unite Sweden with his new dominions: but this mighty project was cruſhed at

at Pultowa; and Charles has ſince been conſidered as a madman by thoſe powers, who ſent their ambaſſadors to ſolicit his friendſhip, and their generals "to learn "under him the art of war."

The Czar found employment ſufficient in his own dominions, and amuſed himſelf in digging canals, and building cities; murdering his ſubjects with inſufferable fatigues, and tranſplanting nations from one corner of his dominions to another, without regretting the thouſands that periſhed on the way: but he attained his end, he made his people formidable, and is numbered by fame among the demi gods.

I am far from intending to vindicate the ſanguinary projects of heroes and conquerors, and would wiſh rather to diminiſh the reputation of their ſucceſs, than the infamy of their miſcarriages: for I cannot conceive, why he that has burnt cities, waſted nations, and filled the world with horror and deſolation, ſhould be more kindly regarded by mankind, than he that died in the rudiments of wickedneſs; why he that accompliſhed miſchief ſhould be glorious, and he that only endeavoured it ſhould be criminal. I would wiſh Cæſar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obſcurity or deteſtation.

But there is another ſpecies of projectors, to whom I would willingly conciliate mankind; whoſe ends are generally laudable, and whoſe labours are innocent; who are ſearching out new powers of nature, or contriving new works of art; but who are yet perſecuted with inceſſant obloquy, and whom the univerſal contempt with which they are treated, often debars from that ſucceſs which their induſtry would obtain, if it were permitted to act without oppoſition.

They who find themſelves inclined to cenſure new undertakings, only becauſe they are new, ſhould conſider that the folly of Projection is very ſeldom the folly of a fool; it is commonly the ebullition of a capacious mind, crouded with variety of knowledge, and heated with intenſeneſs of thought; it proceeds often from the conſciouſneſs of uncommon powers, from the confidence of thoſe,

thoſe, who having already done much, are eaſily perſuaded that they can do more. When Rowley had compleated the orrery, he attempted the perpetual motion; when Boyle had exhauſted the ſecrets of vulgar chemiſtry, he turned his thoughts to the work of tranſmutation.

A projector generally unites thoſe qualities which have the faireſt claim to veneration, extent of knowledge, and greatneſs of deſign: it was ſaid of Catiline, "immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta ſemper cupiebat." Projectors of all kinds agree in their intellects, though they differ in ther morals: they all fail by attempting things beyond their power, by deſpiſing vulgar attainments, and aſpiring to performances, to which, perhaps, nature has not proportioned the force of man: when they fail, therefore, they fail not by idleneſs or timidity, but by raſh adventure and fruitleſs diligence.

That the attempts of ſuch men will often miſcarry, we may reaſonably expect; yet from ſuch men, and ſuch only, are we to hope for the cultivation of thoſe of nature which lie yet waſte, and the invention of thoſe arts which are wanting to the felicity of life. If they, are therefore, univerſally diſcouraged, art and diſcovery can make no advances. Whatever is attempted without previous certainty of ſucceſs, may be conſidered as a Project, and amongſt narrow minds may, therefore, expoſe its author to cenſure and contempt; and if the liberty of laughing be once indulged, every man will laugh at what he does not underſtand, every project will be conſidered as madneſs, and every great or new deſign will be cenſured as a project. Men, unaccuſtomed to reaſon and reſearches, think every enterprize impracticable, which is extended beyond common effects, or compriſes many intermediate operations. Many that preſume to laugh at projectors, would conſider a flight through the air in a winged chariot, and the movement of a mighty engine by the ſteam of water, as equally the dreams of mechanic lunacy; and would hear, with equal negligence, of the union of the Thames and Severn by a canal, and the ſcheme of Albuquerque, the viceroy

viceroy of the Indies, who in the rage of hoſtility had contrived to make Egypt a barren deſart, by turning the Nile into the Red Sea.

Thoſe who have attempted much, have ſeldom failed to perform more than thoſe who never deviate from the common roads of action: many valuable preparations of chemiſtry are ſuppoſed to have riſen from unſucceſsful enquiries after the grand elixir; it is, therefore, juſt to encourage thoſe who endeavour to enlarge the power of art, ſince they often ſucceed beyond expectation; and when they fail, may ſometimes benefit the world even by their miſcarriages.

T

No. C. SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 20

Nemo repentè fuit turpiſſimus.—— JUV.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at firſt.
TATE.

To the Adventurer

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been eſſentially the ſame in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been diſtinguiſhed by different names, as new modes of expreſſion have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evaneſcent life, and ſhews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be ſo changed as not to be known, ſhould be careful to expreſs the character when he deſcribes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. You have frequently uſed the terms Buck and Blood, and given ſome account of the characters which are thus denominated; but you have not conſidered them as the laſt

ſtages of a regular progreſſion, nor taken any notice of thoſe which precede them. Their dependance upon each other is, indeed, ſo little known, that many ſuppoſe them to be diſtinct and collateral claſſes, formed by perſons of oppoſite intereſts, taſtes, capacities, and diſpoſitions: the ſcale, however, conſiſts of eight degrees; Greenhorn, Jemmy, Jeſſamy, Smart, Honeſt Fellow, Joyous Spirit, Buck, and Blood. As I have myſelf paſſed through the whole ſeries, I ſhall explain each ſtation by a ſhort account of my life, remarking the periods when my character changed its denomination, and the particular incidents by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in Yorkſhire; and when I was near eighteen years of age, he brought me up to London, and put me apprentice to a conſiderable ſhopkeeper in the city. There was an aukward modeſt ſimplicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion and virtue in my converſation. The novelty of the ſcene that was now placed before me, in which there were innumerable objects that I never conceived to exiſt, rendered me attentive and credulous: peculiarities, which without a provincial accent, a ſlouch in my gait, a long lank head of hair, an unfaſhionable ſuit of drab-coloured cloth, would have denominated me a Greenhorn, or, in other words, a country put very green.

Green, then, I continued even in externals, near two years; and in this ſtate I was the object of univerſal contempt and deriſion: but being at length wearied with merriment and inſult, I was very ſedulous to aſſume the manners and appearance of thoſe, who in the ſame ſtation were better treated. I had already improved greatly in my ſpeech; and my father having allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and pocket-money, the greater part of which I had ſaved, I beſpoke a ſuit of clothes of an eminent city taylor, with ſeveral waiſtcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a change: I cut off my hair, and procured a brown bob perriwig of Wilding, of the ſame colour, with a ſingle row of curls juſt round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cock-

ed

ed with great exactneſs in an equilateral triangle, I diſcarded, and purchaſed one of a more faſhionable ſize, the fore-corner of which projected near two inches farther than thoſe on each ſide, and was moulded into the ſhape of a ſpout: I alſo furniſhed myſelf with a charge of white thread ſtockings, took care that my pumps were varniſhed every morning with the new German blacking ball; and when I went out, carried in my hand a little ſwitch, which, as it has been long appendent to the character that I had juſt aſſumed, has taken the ſame name, and is called a Jemmy.

I ſoon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dreſs; I was ſtill modeſt and diffident, temperate and ſober, and conſequently ſtill more ſubject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the ruſticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was inſtructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a houſe of private entertainment, which then I abſolutely refuſed; but I ſoon found the way into the play-houſe, to ſee the two laſt acts and the farce: here I learned, that by breaches of chaſtity no man was thought to incur either guilt or ſhame; but that, on the contrary, they were eſſentially neceſſary to the character of a fine gentleman. I ſoon copied the original which I found to be univerſally admired, in my morals, and made ſome farther approaches to it in my dreſs: I ſuffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which when I ſallied forth to my evening amuſement, I changed to a queue; I tied the collar of my ſhirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was conſiderably elevated and ſhortened, ſo that it no longer reſembled a ſpout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waiſtcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my ſtockings were ſilk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My addreſs, from its native maſculine plainneſs, was converted to an exceſs of ſoftneſs and civility, eſpecially when I ſpoke

to the ladies. I had before made ſome progreſs in learning to ſwear; I had proceeded by ſegs, faith, pox plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my ſoul, rat it, and zookers, to zauns and the divill. Now I advanced to by Jove, 'fore ged, ged curſe it, and demme: but I ſtill uttered theſe interjection in a tremendous tone, and my pronunciation was feminine and vicious. I was ſenſible of my defects, and, therefore, applied with great diligence to remove them. I frequently practiſed alone, but it was a long time before I could ſwear ſo much to my own ſatisfaction in company, as by myſelf. My labour, however was not without its reward; it recommended me to the notice of the ladies, and procured me the gentle appellation of Jeſſamy.

I now learned among other grown gentlemen to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance; I entered into a ſubſcripſion for country dances once a week at a tavern, where each gentleman engaged to bring a partner: at the ſame time I made conſiderable advances in ſwearing; I could pronounce damme with a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full ſound, and look with confidence in the face of the perſon to whom I ſpoke. About this time my father's elder brother died, and left me an eſtate of near five hundred pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainder of my time; and this ſudden acceſſion of wealth and independence gave me immediately an air of greater confidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred and fifty pounds in clothes, though I was obliged to go into mourning: I employed a court taylor to make them up; I exchanged my queue for a bag; I put on a ſword, which in appearance at leaſt, was a Toledo; and in proportion as I knew my dreſs to be elegant, I was leſs ſolicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now encreaſed every hour; I was attended, flattered, and careſſed; was often invited to entertainments, ſupped every night at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken notice of in public places, and was univerſally confeſſed to be improved into a Smart.

There

There were ſome intervals in which I found it neceſſary to abſtain from wenching; and in theſe, at whatever riſque, I applied myſelf to the bottle: a habit of drinking came inſenſibly upon me, and I was ſoon able to walk home wit a bottle and a pint. I had learned a ſufficient number of faſhionable toaſts, and got by heart ſeveral toping and ſeveral bawdy ſongs, ſome of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we ſcoured the ſtreet after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable induſtry to increaſe theſe acquiſitions: I enlarged my ſtock of healths; made great progreſs in ſinging, joking, and ſtory telling; ſwore well: could make a company of ſtaunch topers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the laſt man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dreſs, and more blunt in my manner; I profeſſed myſelf a foe to ſtarters and milkſops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and ſoon gained the appellation of an Honeſt Fellow.

By this diſtinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned ſeveral feats of mimickry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a ſtaring ſtory, and humbug with ſo much ſkill as ſometimes to take in a knowing one. I was ſo ſucceſsful in the practice of theſe arts, to which, indeed, I applied myſelf with unwearied diligence and aſſiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applauſe, till their voices ſunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, becauſe they were no longer able either to hear or to ſee. I had now aſcended another ſcale in the climax: and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a Joyous Spirit.

After all theſe topics of merriment were exhauſted, and I had repeated my tricks, my ſtories, my jokes, and my ſongs, till they grew inſipid, I became miſchievous; and was continually deviſing and executing frolics, to the unſpeakable delight of my companions, and the injury of others. For many of them I was proſecuted, and frequently obliged to pay large damages:

but I bore all these losses with an air of jovial indifference, I pushed on in my career, I was more desperate in proportion as I had less to lose: and being deterred from no mischief by the dread of its consequences, I was said to run at all, and complimented with the name of Buck.

My estate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myself and of others; I made a desperate effort at the gaming table, and lost the last sum that I could raise; my estate was seized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and cog a die; became a bully to whores; passed my nights in a brothel, the street, or the watch-house; was utterly insensible of shame and lived upon the town as a beast of prey in a forest. Thus I reached the summit of modern glory, and had just acquired the distinction of a Blood, when I was arrested for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench prison.

These characters, Sir, though they are distinct, yet do not all differ, otherwise than as shades of the same colour. And though they are stages of a regular progression, yet the whole progress it not made by every individual: some are so soon initiated in the mysteries of the town, that they are never publickly known in their Greenhorn state: others fix long in their Jemmyhood, others are Jessamies at fourscore, and some stagnate in each of the higher stages for life. But I request that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correspondents. Of the Blood, your brother Adventurer, Mr. Wildgoose, though he assumes the character, does not seem to have a just and precise idea as distinct from the Buck, in which class he should be placed, and will probably die; for he seems determined to shoot himself, just at the time when his circumstances will enable him to assume the higher distinction.

But the retrospect upon life, which this letter has made necessary, covers me with confusion, and aggravates despair. I cannot but reflect, that among all these characters, I have never assumed that of a Man.

Man

Man is a reaſonable being, which he ceaſes to be, who diſguiſes his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by deteſtable brutality. Theſe thoughts would have been of great uſe to me, if they had occurred ſeven years ago. If they are of uſe to you, I hope you will ſend me a ſmall gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the miſery of hunger and nakedneſs: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be ſpeedy, leſt I periſh before it arrives.

I am your humble ſervant,

Common ſide, King's Bench,
Oct. 18, 1753. NOMENTANUS.

No. CI. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

——— Eſt ubi peccat. HOR.

——— Yet ſometimes he miſtakes.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

IF we conſider the high rank which Milton has deſervedly obtained among our few Engliſh claſſics, we cannot wonder at the multitude of commentaries and criticiſms of which he has been the ſubject. To theſe I have added ſome miſcellaneous remarks; and if you ſhould at firſt be inclined to reject them as trifling, you may, perhaps, determine to admit them, when you reflect that thay are new.

The deſcription of Eden in the fourth book of the Paradiſe Loſt, and the battle of the angels in the ſixth, are uſually ſelected as the moſt ſtriking examples of a florid and vigorous imagination: but it requires much greater ſtrength of mind to form an aſſemblage of natural objects, and range them with propriety and beauty, than to bring together the greateſt variety of the moſt ſplendid images, without any regard to their uſe or congruity;

gruity; as in painting, he who by the force of his imagination, can delineate a landſcape, is deemed a greater maſter than he, who, by heaping rocks of coral upon teſſelated pavements, can only make abſurdity ſplendid, and diſpoſe gaudy colours ſo as beſt to ſet off each other.

"Sapphire fountains that rolling over orient pearl run "nectar, roſes without thorns, trees that bear fruit of "vegetable gold, and that weep odorous gums and "balm," are eaſily feigned; but having no relative beauty as pictures of nature, nor any abſolute excellence as derived from truth, they can only pleaſe thoſe, who, when they read, exerciſe no faculty but fancy, and admire becauſe they do not think.

If I ſhall not be thought to digreſs wholly from my ſubject, I would illuſtrate this remark, by comparing two paſſages, written by Milton and Fletcher, on nearly the ſame ſubject. The ſpirit in Comus thus pays his addreſs of thanks to the water-nymph Sabrina:

May thy brimmed waves for this,
Their full tribute never miſs,
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
Summer drought, or ſinged air,
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair;
Nor wet October's torrent flood
Thy molten chryſtal fill with mud;

Thus far the wiſhes are moſt proper for the welfare of a river goddeſs: the circumſtance of ſummer not ſcorching her treſſes, is highly poetic and elegant: but what follows, though it is pompous and majeſtic, is unnatural and far fetched;

May thy billows roll aſhore
The beryl and the golden ore:
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a tow'r and terras round;
And here and there, thy banks upon,
With groves of myrrh and cinnamon!

The

The circumſtance in the third and fourth lines is happily fancied: but what idea can the reader have of an Engliſh river rolling gold and the beryl aſhore, or of groves of cinnamon growing on its banks? The images in the following paſſage of Fletcher are all ſimple and real, all appropriated and ſtrictly natural:

For thy kindneſs to me ſhown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Croſs thy ſtream to ſtop thy courſe;
May no beaſt that comes to drink,
With his horns call down thy brink;
May none that for thy fiſh do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook
Barefoot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool ſtreams, wife or maid,
When the ſpawn on ſtones do lie,
To waſh their hemp, and ſpoil the fry.

The glaring picture of Paradiſe is not, in my opinion, ſo ſtrong an evidence of Milton's force of imagination, as his repreſentation of Adam and Eve when they left it, and of the paſſions with which they were agitated on that event.

Againſt his battle of the angels, I have the ſame objections as againſt his Garden of Eden. He has endeavoured to elevate his combatants, by giving them the enormous ſtature of giants in romances, books of which he was known to be fond; and the proweſs and behaviour of Michael as much reſemble the feats of Arioſto's knight, as his two handed ſword does the weapons of chivalry: I think the ſublimity of his genius much more viſible in the firſt appearance of the fallen angels; the debates of the infernal peers; the paſſage of Satan through the dominions of Chaos, and his adventure with Sin and Death; the miſſion of Raphael to Adam; the converſations between Adam and his wife; the creation; the account which Adam gives of his firſt ſenſations, and of the approach of Eve from the hand of her CREATOR; the whole behaviour of Adam and Eve after the firſt tranſgreſſion;

greſſion; and the proſpect of the various ſtates of the world, and hiſtory of man exhibited in a viſion to Adam.

In this viſion, Milton judiciouſly repreſents Adam, as ignorant of what diſaſter had befallen Abel, when he was murdered by his brother: but during his converſation with Raphael, the poet ſeems to have forgotten this neceſſary and natural ignorance of the firſt man. How was it poſſible for Adam to diſcern what the angel meant by "cubic phalanxes, by planets aſpect malign, by encamping on the foughten field, by van and rear, by ſtandards and gonfalons and glittering tiſſues, by the girding ſword, by embattled ſquadrons, chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery ſteeds?" And although Adam poſſeſſed a ſuperior degree of knowledge, yet doubtleſs he had not ſkill enough in chemiſtry to underſtand Raphael, who informed him, that

——Sulphurous and nitrous foam
They found, they mingled, and with ſubtle art,
Concocted and adjuſted, they reduc'd
To blackeſt grain, and into ſtore convey'd.

And, ſurely, the nature of cannon was not much explained to Adam, who neither knew or wanted the uſe of iron tools, by telling him, that they reſembled the hollow bodies of oak or fir,

With branches lopt, in wood or mountain fell'd.

He that never beheld the brute creation but in its paſtimes and ſports, muſt have greatly wondered when the angel expreſſed the flight of the Satanic hoſt, by ſaying that they fled

——As a herd
Of goats, or timorous flock, together throng'd.

But as there are many exuberances, in this poem, there appears to be alſo ſome defects. As the ſerpent was the inſtrument of the temptation, Milton minutely deſcribes its beauty allurements: and I have frequently wondered, that he did not, for the ſame reaſon, give a more elaborate deſcription of the tree of life; eſpecially as he was remarkable

remarkable for his knowledge and imitation of the ſacred writings, and as the following paſſage in the Revelations afforded him a hint, from which his creative fancy might have worked up a ſtriking picture: "In the "midſt of the ſtreet of it, and of either ſide of the river, "was there the tree of life; which bare twelve manner "of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the "leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

At the end of the fourth book, ſuſpence and attention are excited to the utmoſt; a combat between Satan and the guardians of Eden is eagerly expected, and curioſity is impatient for the action and the cataſtrophe: but this horrid fray is prevented, expectation is cut off, and curioſity diſappointed, by an expedient which, though applauded by Addiſon and Pope, and imitated from Homer and Virgil, will be deemed frigid and inartificial, by all who judge from their own ſenſations, and are not content to echo the deciſions of others. The golden balances are held forth, "which," ſays the poet, "are "yet ſeen between Aſtrea and the Scorpion; Satan looks up and perceiving that his ſcale mounted aloft, departs with the ſhades of night. To make ſuch a uſe, at ſo critical a time, of Libra, a mere imaginary ſign of the Zodiac, is ſcarcely juſtifiable in a poem founded on religious truth.

Among innumerable beauties in the Paradiſe Loſt, I think the moſt tranſcendant is the ſpeech of Satan at the beginning of the ninth book: in which his unextinguiſhable pride and fierce indignation againſt God, and his envy towards man, are ſo blended with an involuntary approbation of goodneſs, and diſdain of the meanneſs and baſeneſs of his preſent undertaking, as to render it, on account of the propriety of its ſentiments and its turns of paſſion, the moſt natural, moſt ſpirited, and truly dramatic ſpeech, that is, perhaps, to be found in any writer whether ancient or modern: and yet Mr. Addiſon has paſſed it over, unpraiſed and unnoticed.

If an apology ſhould be deemed neceſſary for the freedom here uſed with our inimitable bard, let me conclude in the words of Longinus; "Whoever was carefully to

"collect

" collect the blemiſhes of Homer, Demoſthenes, Plato, " and other celebrated writers of the ſame rank, would " find they bore not the leaſt proportion to the ſublimities " and excellencies with which their works abound."

Z I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PALÆOPHILUS.

No. CII. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27.

——Quid tam dextro pede concipis, ut te
Conatus non pœniteat votique peracti? JUV.

What in the conduct of our life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our wiſh, we wiſh undone.
DRYDEN.

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

I HAVE been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my ſtock ſmall; I was, therefore, a long time brow beaten and deſpiſed by thoſe, who having more money thought they had more merit than myſelf. I did not, however ſuffer my reſentment to inſtigate me to any mean arts of ſupplantation, nor my eagerneſs of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain, I purſued my buſineſs with inceſſant aſſiduity, ſupported by the hope of being one day richer than thoſe who contemned me; and had upon every annual review of my books, the ſatisfaction of finding my fortune increaſed beyond my expection.

In a few years my induſtry and probity were fully recompenſed, my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth ſtill greater. I had large warehouſes crouded with goods, and conſiderable ſums in the public funds; I was careſſed upon the Exchange by the moſt eminent merchants; became the oracle of the common council;

council; was ſolicited to engage in all commercial undertakings; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a ſhort time one of the directors of a wealthy company; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expenſive happineſs of ſining for ſheriff.

Riches, you know, eaſily produce riches: when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obſtruction or oppoſition to fear; new acquiſitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for ſome years longer to heap thouſands upon thouſands.

At laſt I reſolved to complete the circle of a citizen's proſperity by the purchaſe of an eſtate in the country, and to cloſe my life in retirement. From the hour that this deſign entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppreſſive, and perſuaded myſelf that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention, and that my health would ſoon be deſtroyed by the torment and diſtraction of extenſive buſineſs. I could image to myſelf no happineſs, but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leiſure; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade and the happineſs of rural privacy.

But notwithſtanding theſe declarations, I could not at once reconcile myſelf to the thoughts of ceaſing to get money; and though I was every day enquiring for a purchaſe, I found ſome reaſon for rejecting all that were offered me; and, indeed, had accumulated ſo many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the ſpot where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without diſcovery of a place which would not have been defective in ſome particular.

Thus I went on ſtill talking of retirement, and ſtill refuſing to retire; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew aſhamed to trifle longer with my own inclinations; an eſtate was at length purchaſed, I transferred my ſtock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a ſpacious manor.

Here for ſome time I found happineſs equal to my expectation. I reformed the old houſe according to the

advice of the beſt architects, I threw down the walls of the garden, and incloſed it with paliſades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-houſe with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of theſe expenſive improvements brought in all the country to ſee the ſhew. I entertained my viſitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, ſhewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of ſome and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and ſplendor could no longer make me pleaſed with myſelf. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhauſted; I had added one covenience to another, till I knew not what more to wish or to deſign; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and completed my water-works; and what now remained to be done? what, but to look up to turrets, of which when they were once raiſed I had no farther uſe, to range over apartments where time was tarniſhing the furniture, to ſtand by the caſcade of which I ſcarcely now perceived the ſound, and to watch the growth of woods that muſt give their ſhade to a diſtant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended: the happineſs that I have been ſo long procuring is now at an end, becauſe it has been procured; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myſelf; I ride out to a neighbouring hill in the centre of my eſtate, from whence all my lands lie in proſpect round me; I ſee nothing that I have not ſeen before, and return home diſappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect

In my happy days of buſineſs I had been accuſtomed to riſe early in the morning; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came ſo ſoon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to ſhut out affluence and proſperity. I now ſeldom ſee the riſing ſun, but to "tell him," with the fallen angel, "how I hate his beams." I wake from ſleep as to langour or impriſonment, and have

have no employment for the firſt hour but to conſider by what art I ſhall rid myſelf of the ſecond. I protract the breakfaſt as long as I can, becauſe when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with ſome degree of decency grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I ſhould be happy: I eat not becauſe I am hungry, but becauſe I am idle: but alas! the time quickly comes when I eat no longer; and ſo ill does my conſtitution ſecond my inclination, that I cannot bear ſtrong liquors: ſeven hours muſt then be endured before I ſhall ſup; but ſupper comes at laſt, the more welcome as it is in a ſhort time ſucceeded by ſleep.

Such Mr. Adventurer, is the happineſs, the hope of which ſeduced me from the duties and pleaſures of a mercantile life. I ſhall be told by thoſe who read my narrative that there are many means of innocent amuſement, and many ſchemes of uſeful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known; and that nature and art have provided pleaſures, which, without the drudgery of ſettled buſineſs, the active may be engaged, the ſolitary ſoothed, and the ſocial entertained.

Theſe arts, Sir, I have tried. When firſt I took poſſeſſion of my eſtate, in conformity to the taſte of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my ſtable with horſes; but a little experience ſhewed me, that theſe inſtruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never ſhot but to miſs the mark, and, to confeſs the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could diſcover no muſic in the cry of the dogs, nor could diveſt myſelf of pity for the animal whoſe peaceful and inoffenſive life was ſacrificed to our ſport. I was not, indeed, always at leiſure to reflect upon her danger; for my horſe, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of ſpeed or way, leaped hedges and ditches at his own diſcretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diverſion of my brother ſportſmen. His eagerneſs of purſuit once incited him to ſwim a river; and I had leiſure to reſolve in the water, that I would never hazard my life again for the deſtruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured. and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a cloſet elegantly furniſhed. You will, perhaps, be ſurpriſed when I ſhall tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their ſizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleaſure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myſelf any curioſity after events which have been long paſſed, and in which I can, therefore, have no intereſt: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demoſthenes excelled in oratory, whether Hannibal loſt Italy by his own negligence, or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no ſkill in controverſial learning. nor can conceive why ſo many volumes ſhould have been written upon queſtions, which I have lived ſo long and ſo happily without underſtanding. I once reſolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of juſtice of the peace, but found them ſo crabbed and intricate, that in leſs than a month I deſiſted in deſpair, and reſolved to ſupply my deficiencies by paying a competent ſalary to a ſkilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hoſpitality, and for ſome time kept up a conſtant intercourſe of viſits with the neighbouring gentlemen, but though they are eaſily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other houſe, I am not much relieved by their converſation; they have no ſkill in commerce or the ſtocks, and I have no knowledge of the hiſtory of families or the factions of the country; ſo that when the firſt civilities are over, they uſually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midſt of the company. Though I cannot drink myſelf, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glaſs; their mirth grows more turbulent and obſtreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am ſick with diſguſt, and, perhaps, reproached with my ſobriety, or by ſome ſly inſinuations inſulted as a cit.

Such, Mr. Adventurer, is the life to which I am condemned by a fooliſh endeavour to be happy by imitation; ſuch is the happineſs to which I pleaſed myſelf with approaching, and which I conſidered as the chief end of my cares

cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulneſs in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle; the privilege of idleneſs is attained, but has not brought with it the bleſſing of tranquillity.

I am,

Yours, &c.

MERCATOR.

No. CIII. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30.

——————Quid enim ratione timemus,
Aut cupimus?—————— JUV.

How void of reaſon are our hopes and fears!
DRYDEN.

IN thoſe remote times when, by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which ſucceeding generations could expect only from natural cauſes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thouſand provinces in the diſtant regions of the Eaſt. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had preſided; and in compliance with the importunate and reiterated requeſt of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that "ſhe ſhould be ſought in marriage by a ſo-"vereign prince.

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aërial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were obſerved to be ſuperior in power, whether becauſe it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpoſe, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous

mind prevents thoſe miſtakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cauſe, reſolved that her influence ſhould not be wanting; ſhe, therefore, as far as ſhe was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by firſt pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom ſhe diſcovered by a divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be deſpiſed by others, and perpetually employed in tormenting herſelf, decreed, "that her "perſon ſhould be rendered hideous by every ſpecies of "deformity, and that her wiſhes ſhould ſpontaneouſly "produce an oppoſite effect."

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which ſhe could not reverſe. The moment they beheld it, they were ſolicitous only to conceal it from the world; they conſidered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as ſome reproach to themſelves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themſelves intereſted in her felicity. They made no requeſt to Elfarina, that ſhe would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miſeries which they ſhould not participate, but ſeemed content that a being ſo hideous ſhould ſuffer perpetual diſappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by ſending her with only one attendant to a remote caſtle which ſtood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forſake innocence in diſtreſs; but to counterbalance the evils of obſcurity, neglect, and uglineſs, ſhe decreed, that "to the taſte "of Shelimah the coarſeſt food ſhould be the moſt "exquiſite dainty; that the rags which covered "her, ſhould in her eſtimation be equal to cloth of "gold; that ſhe ſhould prize a palace leſs than a cot-"tage; and that in theſe circumſtances love ſhould be "a ſtranger to her breaſt." To prevent the vexation which would ariſe from the continual diſappointment of her wiſhes, appeared at firſt to be more difficult; but this

this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote caſtle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the perſon, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The houſe of her father was the reſort of all who excelled in learning of whatever claſs; and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was ſoon equal to her wit.

Thus accompliſhed, ſhe became the object of univerſal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was ſilent when ſhe ſpoke; at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with bluſhes of diffidence or deſire, and at her command every foot became ſwift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was reverenced by hoary wiſdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the moſt wretched of her ſex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almoſt every object offenſive; ſhe was diſguſted with imperfections which others could not diſcover; her breaſt was corroded by deteſtation, when others was ſoftened by pity; ſhe loſt the ſweetneſs of ſleep by the want of exerciſe, and the reliſh of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by the ſenſibility of that paſſion, on which the happineſs of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nouraſſin, the phyſician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his ſkill through all the Eaſt. He had juſt attained the meridian of life; his perſon was graceful, and his manner ſoft and inſinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to inveſtigate nature, Nouraſſin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him the learned how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the ſame ſoil each imbibes a different juice, which riſing from the root hardens into branches above, ſwells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taſte, and ſmell: of power

power to repel diſeaſes, or precipitate the ſtroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent paſſions, or whether by ſome potion which Nouraſſin found means to adminiſter to his ſcholar, is not known; but of Nouraſſin ſhe became enamoured to the moſt romantic exceſs. The pleaſure with which ſhe had before reflected on the decree of the fairy, "that ſhe ſhould "be ſought in marriage by a ſovereign prince," was now at an end. It was the cuſtom of the nobles to preſent their daughters to the king, when they entered their eighteenth year; an event which Almerine had often anticipated with impatience and hope, but now wiſhed to prevent with ſolicitude and terror. The period, urged forward, like every thing future, with ſilent and irreſiſtible rapidity, at length arrived. The curioſity of Soliman had been raiſed, as well by accidental encomiums, as by the artifices of Omaraddin, who now haſted to gratify it with the utmoſt anxiety and perturbation: he diſcovered the confuſion of his daughter, and imagined that it was produced like his own, by the uncertainty and importance of an event, which would be determined before the day ſhould be paſſed. He endeavoured to give her a peaceful confidence in the promiſe of the fairy, which he wanted himſelf; and perceived, with regret, that her diſtreſs rather increaſed than diminiſhed: this incident, however, as he had no ſuſpicion of the cauſe, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhauſted, was, however reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had ſat ten years upon his throne, and for the ſteadineſs of his virtue had been ſurnamed the Juſt. He had hitherto conſidered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakneſs and obſcurity; and the exerciſe of heroic virtue, as the ſuperior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom deſire had no choice, and affection

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no object, to be ſucceſſively forſaken after unreſiſted violation, and at laſt ſink into the grave without having anſwered any noble purpoſe, than ſometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they ſaw at no other ſeaſon, and whoſe preſence could raiſe no paſſion more remote from deteſtation than fear.

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed ſome moments upon Almerine with ſilent admiration, roſe up, and turning to the princes who ſtood round him, "to-morrow," ſaid he, "I will grant the requeſt which you "have ſo often repeated, and will place a beauty upon "my throne, by whom I may tranſmit my dominion "to poſterity: to-morrow the daughter of Omaraddin "ſhall be my wife."

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after ſome ineffectual ſtruggles with the paſſions which agitated her mind, threw herſelf into the arms of her women, and burſt into tears. Soliman immediately diſmiſſed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cauſe of her diſtreſs: this, however was a ſecret, which neither her pride nor her fear would ſuffer her to reveal. She continued ſilent and inconſolable; and Soliman, though he ſecretly ſuſpected ſome other attachment, yet appeared to be ſatisfied with the ſuggeſtions of her father, that her emotion was only ſuch as is common to the ſex upon any great and unexpected event. He deſiſted from farther importunity, and commanded that her women ſhould remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that ſhe ſhould be attended by his phyſician Nouraſſin.

No. CIV. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

——— ——— Sem ta certe
Tranquillæ per virtutem patent unica vitæ. Juv.

But only virtue shews the paths of peace.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened, found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consultation, by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed: but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the chearfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the portion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from languor and melancholy by removing the cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was completed. After Nourassin was gone, she sate ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of the day; and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might

might meet him at the hour of marriage, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nouraſſin would inſpire; he ordered that it ſhould, without aſking her any queſtion, be mixed with whatever ſhe firſt drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whoſe blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feveriſh heat, awaked parched with thirſt, and called eagerly for ſherbet: her attendant, having firſt emptied the vial into the bowl, as ſhe had been commanded by the king, preſented it to her and ſhe drank it off. As ſoon as ſhe had recollected the horrid buſineſs of the day, ſhe miſſed the vial, and in a few moments ſhe learned how it had been applied. The ſudden terror which now ſeized her, haſtened the effect of the poiſon; and ſhe felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours ſhe would be deſtroyed. Her diſorder was now apparent, though the cauſe was not ſuſpected: Nouraſſin was again introduced, and acquainted with the miſtake; an antidote was immediately prepared and adminiſtered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of body and mind, which are not to be deſcribed. The internal commotion every inſtant increaſed; ſudden intolerable heat and cold ſucceeded each other; and in leſs than an hour, ſhe was covered with a leproſy; her hair fell, her head ſwelled, and every feature in her countenance was diſtorted. Nouraſſin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confuſion; and Almerine, not knowing that theſe dreadful appearances were the preſages of recovery, and ſhewed that the fatal effects of the poiſon were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her diſſolution to be near, and in the agony of remorſe and terror earneſtly requeſted to ſee the king. Soliman haſtily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with aſtoniſhment, which every moment increaſed, while ſhe diſcovered the miſchief which had been intended againſt him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his aſtoniſhment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection

recollection he ſoon diſcovered that the deſire of beauty had ſeduced him from the path of juſtice, and that he ought to have diſmiſſed the perſon whoſe affections he believed had another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nouraſſin for a crime, to which he himſelf had furniſhed the temptaion; but as ſome puniſhment was neceſſary as a ſanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual baniſhment. He commanded that Almerine ſhould be ſent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if poſſible, to atone by a ſecond marriage for the errors of the firſt. He conſidered how he might inforce and illuſtrate ſome general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than his leaving them a ſovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publiſh this proclamation throughout all the provinces of his empire: "Soliman, whoſe judgment "has been perverted, and whoſe life endangered, by "the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, "is now reſolved to place equal deformity upon his "throne: that, when this event is recorded, the world "may know, that by vice beauty became yet more odi- "ous than uglineſs; and learn, like Soliman, to deſpiſe "that excellence, which, without virtue, is only a ſpe- "cious evil, the reproach of the poſſeſſor, and the ſnare "of others."

Shelimah, during theſe events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till ſhe was thirteen years of age, in the caſtle; and it happened that, about this time, the perſon to whoſe care ſhe had been committed, after a ſhort ſickneſs died. Shelimah imagined that ſhe ſlept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her ſtock of proviſions being exhauſted, ſhe found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She ſatisfied her hunger with ſuch berries and wild fruits as ſhe found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, ſhe lay down under a thicket and ſlept. Here ſhe was awaked early in the morning by a peaſant, whoſe compaſſion happened to be proof againſt deformity. The man aſked her ma-

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ny queſtions; but her anſwers rather increaſing than gratifying his curioſity, he ſet her before him on his beaſt, and carried her to his houſe in the next village, at the diſtance of about ſix leagues. In his family ſhe was the jeſt of ſome, and the pity of others; ſhe was employed in the meaneſt offices, and her figure procured her the name of goblin. But amidſt all the diſadvantages of her ſituation, ſhe enjoyed the utmoſt felicity of food and reſt; as ſhe formed no wiſhes, ſhe ſuffered no diſappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this ſtation ſhe had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; ſhe liſtened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, ſhe perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horſemen at the ſame time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in the retinue, telling her, that ſhe was without doubt the perſon whom nature and Soliman had deſtined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a ſmile, that ſhe had no deſire to be great; "but," ſaid ſhe, "if your procla-"mation be true, I ſhould rejoice to be the inſtrument "of ſuch admonition to mankind; and, upon this con-"dition, I wiſh that I were indeed the moſt deformed "of my ſpecies." The moment this wiſh was uttered, the ſpell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her ſkin, which was ſcaly and yellow, became ſmooth and white, her ſtature was perceived gradually to increaſe, her neck roſe like a pillar of ivory, her boſom expanded, and her waiſt became leſs; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her ſhoulders; the moſt exquiſite ſenſibility now ſparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the bluſhes of the morning, and her lips moiſtened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an inviſible hand; the crowd fell back in aſtoniſhment, and gazed with inſatiable curioſity upon ſuch beauty as before they had never ſeen.

Shelimah was not leſs aſtoniſhed than the crowd: ſhe ſtood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confuſion increaſe, would have retired in ſilence; but ſhe was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, preſented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round on the aſſembly, in doubt whether to proſecute or relinguiſh his purpoſe; when Abbaran, a hoary ſage, who had preſided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footſtool of the throne: "Let the king," ſaid he, "accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his "bed. In what age, and in what nation, ſhall not the "beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be "tranſmitted alone? Will not the ſtory of the wife of "Soliman deſcend with her name? will it not be known, "that thy deſire of beauty was not gratified, till it had "been ſubdued; that by an iniquitous purpoſe beauty "became hideous, and by a virtuous wiſh deformity be"came fair?"

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, diſcovered a mixture of joy and confuſion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earneſt of his felicity: for at that moment, Love, who, during her ſtate of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took poſſeſſion of her breaſt.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her preſence. When ſhe departed, ſhe beſtowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a ſcroll of vellum, on which was this inſcription in letters of gold:

"Remember, Shelimah, the fate of Almerine, who "ſtill lives the reproach of parental folly, of degraded "beauty, and perverted ſenſe. Remember Almerine; "and let her example and thy own experience teach "thee, that wit and beauty, learning, affluence, and "honour, are not eſſential to human felicity; with "theſe ſhe was wretched, and without them thou waſt "happy." The advantages which I have hiterto beſtowed

ſtowed, muſt now be obtained by an effort of thy own: "that which gives reliſh to the coarſeſt food, is tem-"perance; the apparel and the dwelling of a peaſant "and a prince, are equal in the eſtimation of humility; "and the torment of ineffectual deſires is prevented, by "the reſignation of piety to the will of Heaven; advan-"tages which are in the power of every wretch, who "repines at the unequal diſtribution of good and "evil, and imputes to nature the effects of his own "folly."

The king, to whom Shelimah communicated theſe precepts of the fairy, cauſed them to be tranſcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them diſtributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extenſive influence; and the happineſs of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.

No. CV. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

Novam comicam Menandrus, æqualeſque ejus ætatis magis quam operis, Philemon ac Diphilus, & invenere intra pauciſſimos annos, neque imitandum reliquere.

VELL. PATERCUL.

Menander, together with Philemon and Diphilus, who muſt be named with him rather as his contemporaries than his equals, invented within the compaſs of a few years a new kind of comedy, and left it beyond the reach of imitation

To the Adventurer.

SIR,

MORALITY, taſte, and literature, ſcarcely ever ſuffered more irreparably, than by the loſs of the comedies of Menander; ſome of whoſe fragments, agreeable to my promiſe, I am now going to lay before you, which I ſhould imagine would be as highly prized by the curious, as was the Coan Venus which Appelles left imperfect and unfiniſhed.

Menander was celebrated for the ſweetneſs brevity, and ſententiouſneſs of his ſtyle. "He was fond of Eu-"ripides," ſays Quintilan, "and nearly imitated the "manner of this tragic writer, though in a different "kind of work. He is a complete pattern of oratorial "excellence: ità omnem vitæ imaginem expreſſit, tanta "in eo inveniendi copia, & eloquendi facultas; ità eſt "omnibus rebus, perſonis, affectibus, accommodatus: "ſo various and ſo juſt, are all his pictures of life; ſo "copious is his invention, ſo maſterly his elocution; ſo "wonderfully is he adapted to all kinds of ſubjects, "perſons, and paſſions." This panegyric reflects equal honour on the critic, and on the comedian. Quintilian has here painted Menander with as lively and expreſſive ſtrokes, as Menander had characterized the Athenians.

Boileau,

Boileau, in his celebrated eighth ſatire, has not repreſented the miſery and folly of man, ſo forcibly or humourouſly as Menander.

Απαντα τα ζω εϛι μακαριωτερα,
Και νουν εχοντα μαλλον ανθρωπε πολυ.
Τον ουν ορων εξεϛι πρωτα τουτονι,
Ουτος κακοδαιμων εϛιν ομολογουμενως.
Τουτω κακον δι αυτον ουδεν γιγνεται,
Α δε φυσις δεδωκεν αυτω ταυτ εχει.
Ημεις δε χωρις των αναγκαιων κακων,
Αυτοι παρ αυτων ετερα προσποριζομεν.
Λυπουμεθ, αν πταρη τις αν ειπη κακως,
Οργιζομεθ· αν ιδη τις ενυπνιον σφοδρα
Φοβουμεθ'. αν γλωττ ανακριγη δεδοικαμεν·
Αγωνιαι, δοξαι, φιλοτιμιαι, νομοι,
Απαντα ταυτ' επιβετα τη φυσει κακα.

"All animals are more happy, and have more under-
"ſtanding than man. Look, for inſtance, on yonder
"aſs; all allow him to be miſerable; his evils however,
"are not brought on him by himſelf and his own fault:
"he feels only thoſe which nature has inflicted. We,
"on the contrary, beſides our neceſſary ills, draw upon
"ourſelves a multitude of others. We are melancholy,
"if any perſon happen to ſneeze; we are angry if any
"ſpeak reproachfully of us; one man is affrighted with
"an unlucky dream, another at the hooting of an owl.
"Our contentions, our anxieties, our opinions, our am-
"bition, our laws, are all evils, which we ourſelves have
"ſuperadded to nature." Compariſons betwixt the conditions of the brutal and human ſpecies, have been frequently drawn; but this of Menander, as it probably was the firſt, ſo it is the beſt I have ever ſeen.

If this paſſage is admirable for the vivacity and ſeverity of its ſatire, the following certainly deſerves deeper attention for weight of ſentiment, and ſublimity and purity of moral.

E.

Ει τις δε θυσιαν προσφερων, ω Παμφιλε,
Ταυρων τε πληθος, ἡ εριφων, ἡ, νη Δια,
Ἑτερων τοιουτων, ἡ κατασκευασματα
Χρυσας ποιησας χλαμυδος, ητοι πορφυρας,
Ἡ δι ελεφαντος, ἡ σμαραγδε ζωδια,
Ευνουν νομιζει τον Θεον καθις ανοι,
Πλανατ' εκεινος, και φρενας κυφας εχει.
Δει γας τον ανδρα χρησιμον πεφυκεναι,
Μη παρθενες φθειροντα, μη μοιχωμενον,
Κλεπτοντα, και σφατλοντα χρηματων χαριν.
Μηδε βελοντης ενκαμ' επιθυμης Παμφιλε,
Ὁ γαρ Θεος βλεπει σε πλησιον παρων.

"He that offers in ſacrifice, O Pamphilus, a multitude "of bulls and of goats, of golden veſtments, or purple "garments or figures of ivory, or precious gems; and "imagines by this to conciliate the favour of God, is "groſly miſtaken, and has no ſolid underſtanding. For "he that would ſacrifice with ſucceſs ought to be chaſte "and charitable, no corrupter of virgins, no adulte-"rer, no robber or murderer for the ſake of lucre. Covet "not, O Pamphilus, even the thread of another man's "needle; for God, who is near thee, perpetually be-"holds thy actions."

Temperance, and juſtice, and purity, are here inculcated in the ſtrongeſt manner and upon the moſt powerful motive, the omniſcience of the Deity; at the ſame time ſuperſtition and the idolatry of the heathen are artfully ridiculed. I know not among the ancients any paſſage that contains ſuch exalted and ſpiritualized thoughts of religion. Yet if theſe refined ſentiments were to be inſerted in a modern comedy, I fear they would be rejected with diſdain and diſapprobation. The Athenians could endure to hear God and Virtue mentioned in the theatre; while an Engliſh and a chriſtian audience can laugh at adultery as a jeſt, think obſcenity wit, and debauchery amiable. The murderer, if a duelliſt, is a man of honour, the gameſter underſtands the art of living,

living, the knave has penetration and knows mankind, the ſpendthrift is a fellow of fine ſpirit, the rake has only robbed a freſh country girl of her innocence and honour, the jilt and the coquet have a great deal of vivacity and fire; but a faithful huſband is a dupe and a cuckold, and a plain country gentleman a novice and a fool. The wretch that dared to ridicule Socrates abounds not in ſo much falſe ſatire, ribaldry, obſcenity, and blaſphemy, as our witty and wicked triumvirate, Wycherly, Congreve, and Vanbrugh.

Menander has another very remarkable reflection, worthy even that divine religion, which the laſt-mentioned writers ſo impotently endeavoured to deride. It relates to the forgiveneſs of enemies, a precept not totally unknown to the ancient ſages, as hath raſhly been affirmed; though never inculcated with ſuch frequency, fervor and cogency, and on motives ſo weighty and efficacious, as by the founder of the chriſtian ſyſtem.

Ουτος κρατιστος εσ ανηρ, ω Γοργια,
Οσις αδικεισθαι πολεσι' επισταται βροτων.

"He, O Gorgias, is the moſt virtuous man, who beſt "knows among mortals how to bear injuries with pa-"tience."

It may not be improper to alleviate the ſerioufneſs of theſe moral reflections, by the addition of a paſſage of a more light and ſprightly turn.

Ο μεν Επιχαρμος τυσι Θεους ειναι λεγει,
Ανεμους υδωρ γην ηλιον, πυρ αστερας·
Εγω δ' υπελαβον χρησιμους ειναι Θεους
Τ' αργυριον ημιν και το χρυσιον μονον.
Ιδ' ρυσαμενος τουτε, γαρ εις την οικιαν
Ευξαι τι βουλει, παντα σοι γενησεται,
Αγρος, οικοι, δεραποντες, αργυρωματα,
Φιλοι, δικασται, μαρτυρες——

"Epicharmus, indeed, calls the winds, the water, the "earth, the ſun, the fire, and the ſtars, gods. But I "am

" am of opinion that gold and ſilver are our only pow-
" erful and propitious deities. For when once you have
" introduced theſe into your houſe, wiſh for what you
" will, you ſhall quickly obtain it; an eſtate, a habita-
" tion, ſervants, plate, friends, judges, witneſſes."

From theſe ſhort ſpecimens, we may in ſome meaſure be enabled to judge of Menander's way of thinking and of writing; remembering always how much his elegance is injured by a plain proſaic tranſlation, and by conſidering the paſſages ſingly and ſeparately, without knowing the characters of the perſonages that ſpoke them, and the aptneſs and propriety with which they were introduced.

The delicacy and decorum obſerved conſtantly by Menander, rendered him the darling writer of the Athenians, at a time when the Athenians were arrived at the height of proſperity and politeneſs, and could no longer reliſh the coarſe railleries, the brutal mirth and illiberal wit, of an indecent Ariſtophanes. " Menander," ſays Plutarch, abounds in a precious attic ſalt, which " ſeems to have been taken from the ſame ſea, whence " Venus herſelf aroſe. But the ſalt of Ariſtophanes is " bitter, diſguſting, and corroſive."

There are two circumſtances that may juſtly give us a mean opinion of the taſte of the Romans, for comic entertainments: that in the Auguſtan age itſelf, notwithſtanding the cenſure of Horace, they preferred the low buffoonery and drollery of Plautus to the delicacy and civility of Terence, the faithful copier of Menander; and that Terence, to gratify an audience unacquainted with the real excellencies of the drama, found himſelf obliged to violate the ſimplicity of Menander's plots, and work up two ſtories into one in each of his comedies, except the excellent and exact Hecyra. But this duplicity of fable abounding in various turns of fortune, neceſſarily draws off the attention from what ought to be its chief object in a legitimate comedy, character and humour.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

PALÆOPHILUS.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.